

Children's Newspaper

Will the World Perish Through Fear?  
Read the Article in My Magazine for October

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

*The Weekly Companion of the Best-loved Magazine in the World*

Number 235

Week Ending  
SEPTEMBER 15, 1923

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

Postage Anywhere  
One Halfpenny

Every Thursday 2d.

## WILL EUROPE PLAY CRICKET? By C. B. Fry

### A NATION STRICKEN UNTO DEATH

#### THE PITIFUL FATE OF JAPAN

**Earthquake, Fire, & Tidal Wave  
Sweep for Hundreds of Miles**

#### GREATEST NATURAL CATASTROPHE OF OUR TIME

While European nations are snarling and making trouble with each other, in a world that needs above all things human unity to set it right, grim Nature has sprung upon our gallant friends in Japan the greatest calamity next to the man-made madness of war that can try the fortitude of mankind.

The Island Empire of the East has been devastated along a broad strip of its eastern and most populous coast by the worst earthquake ever recorded.

#### Cut Off from the World

About noon, which would be about four o'clock in the morning in England, after a violent typhoon had been sweeping over central Japan, an earthquake shock struck, from the neighbourhood of the mountain Fujiyama, the great seaport of Yokohama, caught with full force the capital Tokio, and spread destruction and death for a hundred miles around. In its wake, caused by the heaving of the Earth, a great tidal wave swept the coast.

Instantly the great towns on the east central coast of Japan were cut off from the rest of the country by the failure of all means of communication that depend on the ground. Railways were stopped, trains were wrecked as they ran, rails were distorted, tunnels fell in, telegraphing ceased. Isolation from all around shut up in solitude the people who were suffering the terrors of the quaking Earth.

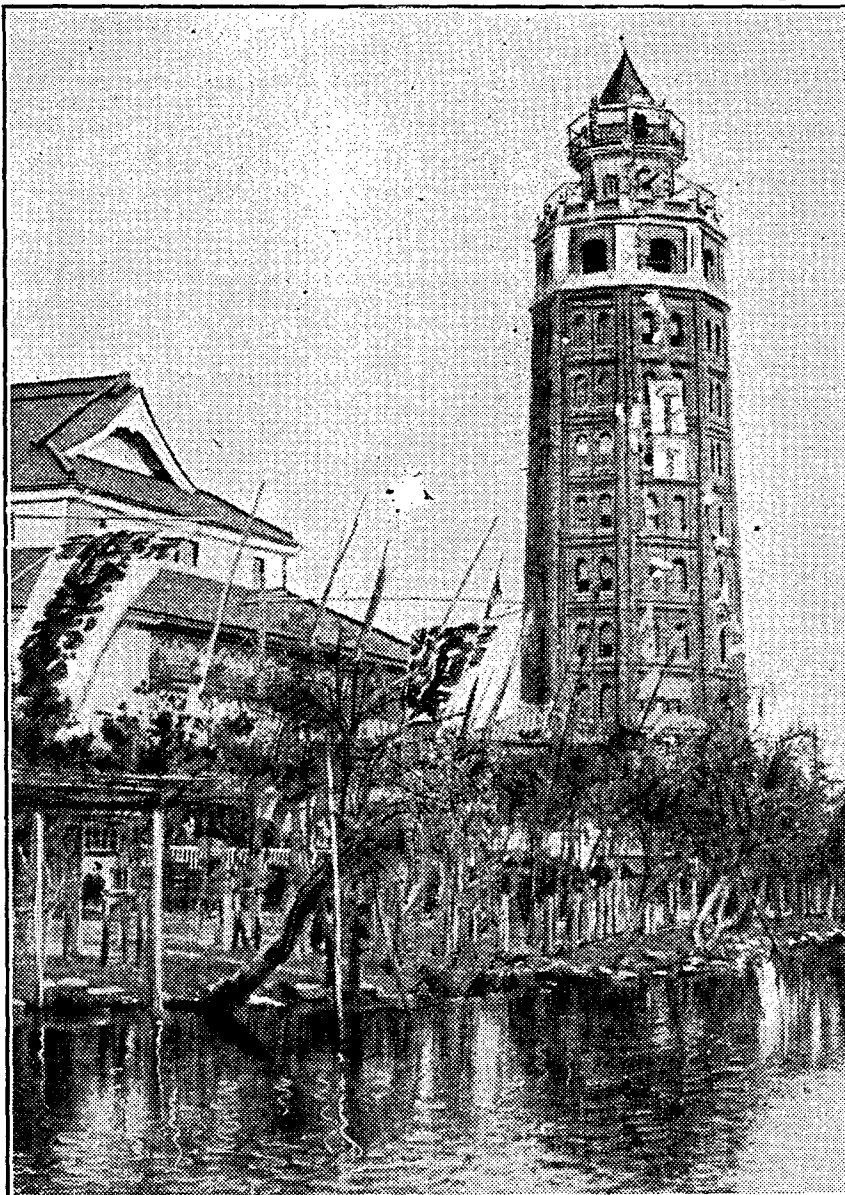
#### A Cry for Help

Only on the instruments that register the tremors of the Earth from far away should we have heard at once of this stupendous shock had it not been for wireless. But wireless has changed that.

A Japanese ship in Yokohama Bay escaped the typhoon and the tidal wave that followed the heaving earthquake; and through this ship's wireless the Governor of stricken Yokohama sent forth a message along the coast that his city was in flames, after many of its houses had fallen and others had been washed away by the tidal wave; that ten thousand people had perished, and 200,000 were homeless and on the verge of starving owing to the destruction of the city.

No accounts, even after long inquiry, could tell adequately of the devastation caused by that prolonged shock. For six minutes the oscillations of the shock could be felt, and fainter tremors for an hour and a half. The shaking-down of the houses, many of them containing

### The Pitiless Tower of Mercy



Hundreds of people in the Japanese earthquake fled for safety to this famous Tower of Mercy, 220 feet high, adjoining the Asakusa Temple, dedicated to the Goddess of Mercy. Unhappily the tower fell and all the 700 people were killed

materials of combustion and being themselves inflammable, led to fires in all parts of the shaken cities, and the earthquake had severed the connections of the water system, and made the extinction of the fires by water impossible. Fires burst out in fifty places in the business quarter of Tokio alone, defying all attempts to quench them.

The Imperial Palace was fired for a while, and its incalculably valuable treasures were endangered, while the members of the Royal House escaped with difficulty. The Tower of Asakusa, 220 feet high, a gigantic erection for low-building Japan, collapsed and buried hundreds of victims; and the arsenal at Tokio exploded and caused great damage and loss of life.

A succession of pleasant Japanese towns that border the eastern coast of its central island lie in the track of the Earth's disturbing shiver while she cools and shrinks, and they, too, have paid a heavy toll for temerity in braving the hidden dangers of the Japanese underworld. It is to be feared that half

a million people have been stricken by a sudden death.

So appalling has been the disaster that the Japanese Government is talking about shifting the national capital from Tokio to some city less liable to the ravages of earthquakes.

For Japan herself deep sympathy will be felt by all her Western friends. Her progress within living memory has been such that it might seem as if her search for knowledge and efficiency would solve all her problems; but this dreadful problem of the ageing Earth, and her spasms as Time tells its tale on her, cannot be solved by man. No nation has greater bravery and fortitude than Japan in enduring what cannot be cured, and from Great Britain she will receive warm sympathy and help.

May we not all hope that this terrible Voice of Nature far off across the world will bring pause to men in Europe who have been of late provoking the horrors of war? There are terrors enough for men to fight without fighting each other.

*Pictures on page 3*

### KATE BROWN

#### A GREAT LADY GOES HOME

**The House of Peace that Faced  
the House of Pain**

#### AND THE ANGEL OF COMFORT

A few weeks ago you might have seen a very unusual sight in Glasgow.

You might have seen convalescent patients from Stobhill Hospital pause for a moment in front of a house close to the hospital, salute it, and pass on. You might have seen nurses pause in front of the same house, salute it, and then hasten away. You might have seen doctors going to and from the hospital pause in front of the same house, salute it, and continue their way to the hospital.

If you had asked why these people saluted this house you would have been told that Miss Kate Brown lived there.

You will never get that answer now. Kate Brown has left Quest House. She was only a lodger there.

#### The Sight from the Windows

To show us what a mere lodger may make of a house Kate Brown's story deserves to live for ever.

During the war this beautiful spirit, looking from her curtained windows, saw many sad people going into Stobhill Hospital to take a last farewell of their sons. She thought to herself, "Those poor fathers and mothers will be kept waiting in the hospital; they will not be able to go direct to the bedside; and when the visit is over, and their hearts are full of pain, and they are too choked to speak, and the whole world for them is a dark and desolate place, they have nowhere to go but into the crowded streets and the noisy railway stations."

Then it occurred to her that she would give her days and her home to these sorrowful people. They should not go into all the jarring bustle of the hospital without a rest for their souls; nor should they return from the last good-bye to the jarring stir of the streets.

#### The Angel of Comfort

So through the Great War these mournful parents entered Kate Brown's house, which was called Quest House in consequence, and there they received most gracious hospitality and found themselves talking to one who understood their suffering and believed that the real home of the human soul is beyond our vision but not beyond the reach of our love and our prayers. They called her the Angel of Comfort.

And after the war Kate Brown still used her house for the same purpose, and spent all her days in comforting and consoling the sorrowful. Now the work of which the big world heard nothing is ended; but in many places far away there are many who still speak of the Angel of Comfort, and the C.N. sends this message to them—that the good Angel has gone Home.



## THE DYING BOY WHO LAUGHS AGAIN

### A RACE FROM AFRICA TO LONDON

The Wonderful Thing that Happened at London Hospital

### WHO WILL PAY FOR JACK KEIGHTLEY'S LIFE?

If Lord Knutsford had not happened to walk through the main hall of the London Hospital a few weeks ago at a particular moment, this strange story would probably never have been written.

But he did walk through that hall, and as he went his shrewd and twinkling eyes, which have probably seen more of human suffering than any other pair of eyes in the world, happened to fall on a man very sorrowfully waiting there, with a little boy who seemed to be dying.

#### A Word of Good Cheer

Lord Knutsford sees many such sights, but he never passes them by. If he can do nothing to save life, at least he can say a word of comfort or good cheer. On this occasion he stopped, and was told this story.

The man standing there had come all the way from South Africa. He had come straight from the docks to the hospital. His one purpose in crossing the ocean had been to get to the London Hospital. It had been a race against death—from Johannesburg to Cape-town, from Capetown to the Thames, from the Thames to Whitechapel. And now he was told that his dying child could not be admitted.

Five patients were already receiving treatment by insulin for the terrible disease of diabetes, and each case costs a large sum of money. A committee had just decided that no more patients could be admitted for this treatment.

#### Lord Knutsford Steps In

Lord Knutsford said "Wait a moment," and hurried across the hall. He had looked from the brave father's baffled eyes to the pale face of the child, who was in a semi-comatose state, which means that death is very near. Five years of age and dying! Lord Knutsford could not bear it.

It happened that the committee which had decided against the admittance of further patients was sitting at that moment, and Lord Knutsford broke in upon its deliberations. He told the story of the long race across the sea, the hurried drive to the hospital, the broken-hearted father, the dying child.

When Lord Knutsford is deeply moved there are few committees that can resist him. The boy from South Africa, Jack Keightley, was admitted.

#### The Dying Boy Can Smile Again

That committee must now be glad it took the risk and incurred the expense of admitting the South African boy, for Jack Keightley made an instant response to treatment by insulin. The colour came back to his cheeks, the laughter to his eyes, the sparkle to his bright hair; and now a jollier, chubbier, finer little boy of five is nowhere to be found. He goes back from crowded, poverty-stricken Whitechapel to the vast spaces and pure air of South Africa, saved for manhood.

Now think for a moment. Mr. Keightley made that long journey with his dying boy because he hoped that insulin might cure him, and because he hoped that the London Hospital, known

## IRELAND IN THE EMPIRE

### Three-quarters of the People for the Treaty

#### RESULT OF THE ELECTIONS

The appeal of the Government of the Irish Free State to all the men and women of Southern Ireland to sanction what it has been doing to establish firm and peaceful rule outside the area under the Ulster Parliament has been answered in its favour, and in favour of the Treaty by which the Free State was made possible within the British Empire.

The election brought five groups of candidates into the field. Three of these groups support the Treaty. They are the Government candidates, a party of Independents, and a party specially interested in the farmers. Labour formed a small fourth party, and then there is the irreconcilable Republican party, which would tear up the Treaty, and which until recently has been engaged in civil war to force its view, bringing about an immense loss of life and property.

The members returned for these parties were as follows: Government, 63; Republicans, 44; Independents, 16; Farmers, 15; Labour, 15.

According to an official return, 73 per cent. of the voters supported the Treaty, and, disappointing as it is in some ways, on the whole the result will be generally regarded as satisfactory. It shows conclusively that Southern Ireland does not wish to sever its association with the British Empire. There are still large areas of rural Ireland which have learned nothing from the turmoil, bloodshed, and destruction that have placed parts of Ireland outside the pale of the world's decent civilisation; but the future, it is to be hoped, will turn them from the error of their ways.

Continued from the previous column

all over the world, would take the boy in. But those hopes of the devoted father would probably have been in vain, in spite of all his haste and all the great expense to which he had put himself in his race against death, if Lord Knutsford had not happened to cross the vestibule at that moment, and if the committee had not happened to be sitting.

These things happened. Coincidences? Perhaps. But the great burning hope in the distracted father's heart, as he stood at night looking up at the stars from the deck of the great ship, may have had something to do with it. Who can tell? In any case, Jack Keightley is saved for manhood; and while the muddy old trams run through Whitechapel Road, and the rain descends, and the fog rolls up from the Thames, and Lord Knutsford sits worrying his brain to devise schemes for raising money for the greatest hospital in the world, Jack Keightley will be growing up, playing games, and reading books, a faithful son of our huge British family. May all that happens to him go as well as this race across the sea.

If the politicians of Europe would look to these things, how happy a place the world might be!

It would cost the London Hospital 500 half-crowns to save Jack Keightley, and the C.N. wants to pay the bill. Dear million readers, will you send your half-crowns to Lord Knutsford, London Hospital, Whitechapel?

## THE EUROPEAN VOLCANO

### CRACKLING FOUNDATIONS OF PEACE

#### Another Mad Crime in the Restless Near East

### ITALY, GREECE, AND THE LEAGUE

By Our Political Correspondent

By the time these words are read there will, we hope, have passed away an ominous war cloud that suddenly threatened the trembling peace of Europe, and we look forward to its passing as one of the greatest triumphs of the League of Nations.

Failing this, the situation between Italy and Greece may have grown darker and more troubled. In any case, it has served to show on what a volcano Europe lives so far as its peaceful progress is concerned. It seems that at any moment it may be brought to the brink of war by the wild acts of men excited to outrage by a long period of racial jealousy. Let us see what happened.

#### A Dangerous Dispute

The first point in this most dangerous dispute stands out clearly. It is that Greece was utterly and intolerably in the wrong. For ten years the feeling between Greece and Italy has been excited to soreness. That soreness culminated in murder, in its most outrageous form. Murder is so customary in Greek politics that Greeks forget it; it is not one of the political weapons used by more civilised nations. It is only a few months since the present men in power in Greece shocked all the world by an act of barbarism.

The beginning of the present trouble lies in a boundary line which was being drawn by an International Commission between enlarged Greece and Albania. As the inquiry went on Greece found that she was losing possession of certain villages, and she suspected that it was by the opposition of the general at the head of the Italian members of the commission that the decisions were going against her claims.

#### Italy Acts Promptly

An outburst of bitter hatred accordingly broke forth in the Greek newspapers, and with the modern Greeks hot feeling is quickly translated into murder. As the International Commission of Inquiry was passing to its work through Greek territory, and close to a detachment of the Greek army, its Italian members were suddenly isolated from the other nationalities, and the general and his staff were murdered.

To understand the feelings of the Italians we must imagine how we should have felt if one of our generals and his staff, performing a service for Europe, had been foully murdered by one of the parties between whom he was acting as a neutral judge. Italy was bound to act promptly and in such a way as to bring Greece to her senses, for there can be little question as to the moral responsibility of Greece for the tragedy.

#### Jealousy of Nations

The second question that arises is whether Italy, under the natural stress of her indignation, acted with wisdom and justice.

The jealousy and strained feeling existing between Greece and Italy, which led up to this tragic crisis, exists, though perhaps in a less degree, between Italy and other nations of the Balkans. The Albanians do not love the Italians; neither do the various races of Yugoslavia. Italy is watched with suspicion even farther inland by countries which attribute to her a design for dominating the whole of the eastern coast of the Adriatic, and shutting them out from access to the open ocean except through her ports—access which, as parts of the Austrian Empire, they had in the past.

Europe cannot shut its eyes and ears against these facts and feelings, and it

## THE NEW TURKEY

### A Fresh Chance in the World

#### THE TURK FREE TO DO AS HE LIKES

A new chapter in history may well have begun when the British army came away the other week from Constantinople, where it has been since the fighting in the Great War stopped.

Whether the new Turkey that has arisen in the form of a victorious republic will be the old Turkey is one of the most interesting questions the next dozen years will solve.

Whatever may have been our feelings about the old corrupt Turkey, which fawned at the feet of Germany and tried to share the spoils of her expected victories, we hope that the new Turkey will be given a fair chance of winning the goodwill of the world.

Turkey, without doubt, has shown a vitality and cleverness that no one had credited her with. From her mistake in joining Germany she has recovered by her own energy and shrewdness and by the quarrels of the Allies. What she has lost she could well afford to lose, for it only means that she has lost control of lands in which her own race is a small minority. In the lands inhabited by Arab populations the Turk was not at home, and he only held power there by continual efforts he could ill afford. But now the Turkish State is compact, and within its borders the Turk is free to do as he likes.

#### Confidence in Himself

He enters on his free and independent course with confidence in himself that he well merits. As a man of war he has proved his superiority over the Greek. As a political bargainer he has surpassed the best wits of the enlightened West. He has cleared the stage for a new act in the drama of his race. What kind of spectacle will he produce?

That the armies of the West who have held his capital should turn their backs on him and peacefully march away is a triumph that may properly give him a new sense of importance. Will it fill him with new ambitions? Or will the wisdom of his leaders be wide and generous enough to build up a State as powerful in peace as in war?

All that the onlooking world can do is to hope for the best, and give the new free nation fair play while it justifies its right to complete freedom.

Continued from the previous column

would be unwise of Italy to neglect them. There is a general impression throughout the world that Italy's action, involving the seizing and bombarding of Corfu, and the occupation of two other Greek islands, was hasty, rough, and beyond reason.

The fact that a band of criminals in Albania had murdered five Italians was no excuse for the killing of innocent people in Corfu. The Italian ultimatum sent to Greece was also felt to be a little unworthy of modern Italy and of the moral strength of the nation.

More than all, however, it was felt by good people all over the world that the first act of both nations concerned should have been an instant appeal to the League of Nations. Both Italy and Greece are members of the League, and have signed a treaty to submit such cases to the League. The fact that Signor Mussolini seemed to forget the League was one of the disquieting elements of the situation.

The League, however, at once gave itself to the consideration of the facts, and as we go to press it is hoped that the League will be able to settle the matter to the satisfaction of Italy, and that one of the most dangerous war clouds since 1914 will have passed away.

The British view from the beginning was that the matter was one for the League, and all friends of Italy look with high hope to the Italian Prime Minister, a strange and powerful man, in this day of his great opportunity.



## BRAVE MAN'S JOURNEY

### RUSSIAN EXPLORER GOES BACK TO TIBET

Extraordinary People Amid  
Extraordinary Scenes

### WHERE STRANGERS MAY BE KILLED OR FEASTED

In days gone by Colonel P. Kozloff came to London and was honoured with the Founder's Medal of the Royal Geographical Society for his splendid exploration and feats of endurance in far Tibet. We all remember him for his great journeys in that desolate land of ancient mystery. Yet, with something like astonishment, we learn he is off again.

A cable comes over the wires saying that with 21 companions he has just passed out of Siberia on a three years' expedition through Mongolia and Tibet, and this at the beginning of the Far East's bitter winter!

### An Awe-inspiring Place

A distinguished London man, newly home from a 13,000 feet climb in the Alps, has been telling how faint and feeble and very deaf he was at that height, but our Russian explorer will be living at a height of 17,000 feet and more, where the cold is Arctic, the people few, unfriendly and cruel.

There is, however, a fascination in this Tibet which is stronger than the horrors which repel. Mr. Kingdon Ward, who is holidaying in England after a year's tramp in Tibet, describes it as one of the most awe-inspiring places in the world. Something mysterious is happening there: the glaciers, inconceivably great, are retreating, and, slowly but surely, a period of drought appears to be coming—in a land where, in an area only 75 miles wide, the four most tremendous rivers in Asia course side by side, separated by rock partitions 25,000 feet high.

### Fears of Demons

Strange contradictions teem where Kozloff is going. He once found a dead deserted city there, Khoro-Khoto, where in the midst of silence and desolation, he came upon a library of 2000 wonderful books, teeming with tempting lore for scholars who came not to read. Yet, in the inhabited places round about, ignorance and credulity beyond belief possess the people.

A stranger may be killed at sight, or he may be entertained with bounty.

Heroism and cowardice, hardihood and timidity, govern the conduct of the natives. Physically brave, they are tortured by fears of spirits and demons. A youth with one of the expeditions was sent with a message from one mountain range to another, having to cross a deep and dangerous valley on the way. He was told to rest and sleep on the far side of the valley before returning, lest he should faint and freeze to death.

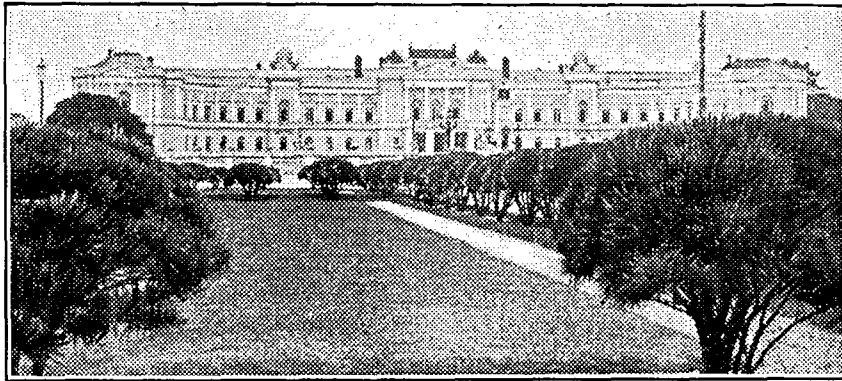
### The Reason Why

The next morning, before daylight, he was back again. He had travelled, thinly clad, day and night through a temperature of 20 degrees below zero. Why had he done so heroic but foolish a thing? he was asked.

Because, he said, a specially powerful and evil demon haunted the pass, and he had made the journey back while the dreadful spirit was engaged in routing a caravan which was coming down the valley as he was going up.

Such are the scenes and people to which Colonel Kozloff, the Russian friend of many British explorers, is now setting out. We wish him new heights to conquer and name without tragic associations, and a happy issue out of all the labours and sufferings to which he has consecrated the next three years.

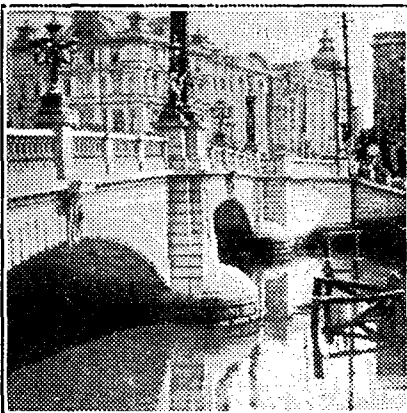
## SCENES IN THE STRICKEN LAND



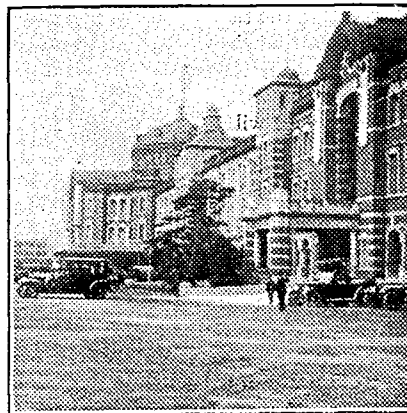
The magnificent Imperial Palace at Tokio, which was much damaged, and which was thrown open by the Prince Regent for the housing of the sufferers



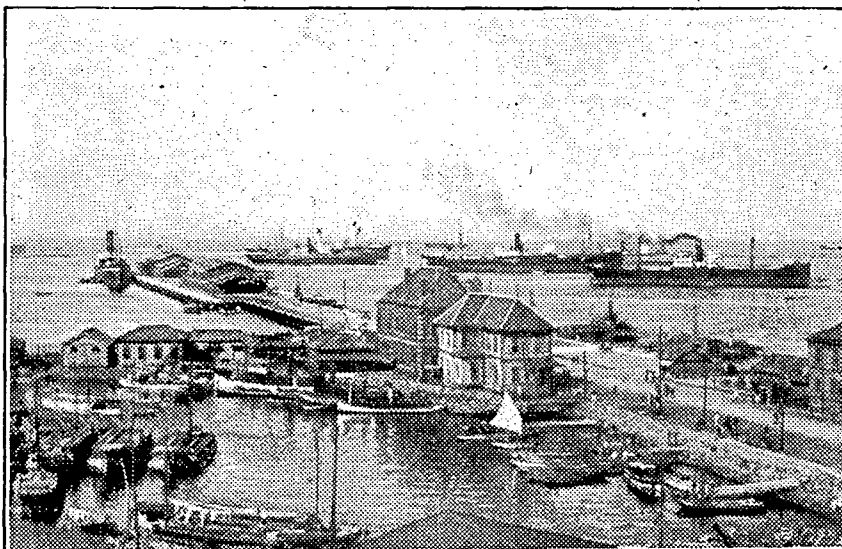
The centre of Tokio, in which were many fine stone buildings worthy of a European capital, and all of which are now a mass of ruins



The famous Nihonbashi Bridge at Tokio, which has been wrecked



The great railway station at Tokio, which has been laid in ruins



The harbour of Yokohama, from a ship in which the Governor wirelessed for help, as scarcely a house in the city was left standing

These pictures show some of the splendid buildings in Japan's capital and chief port which have been destroyed by the most appalling earthquake on record. It is from the Nihonbashi Bridge that all distances in Japan are measured. The magnitude of the disaster has led the Government to consider the shifting of the capital from Tokio. See page one

## GERMANY BEGINS TO FACE THE FACTS

### GOVERNMENT TO TAX THE PEOPLE

Putting the War Burden Where  
It Should Be

### NEW PRIME MINISTER'S POLICY

By Our Political Correspondent

One of the changes for the better that has been occurring in troubled Europe is that at last the rulers of Germany have decided to tax the nation fairly. They have begun to make up their minds that they must face the penalties which have been brought on them by the military madness of the fallen German Empire.

Hitherto there has been much discussion of such points as to what Germany ought to pay, and how and when she ought to pay it; but all the while she was herself showing no serious desire to admit her debt to the world and to face the sacrifices she cannot escape.

### Plain Facts

Contrast her action with that of Great Britain. We have incurred a great burden of debt through borrowings from America and loans to other countries. Against us come no just demands to pay for wilful damage. Ours are only ordinary debts incurred in the way of national defence. They are not fines levied by strict justice. We might well have pleaded for delay in payment, as people are sometimes compelled to do.

But we did nothing of the kind. We have taxed ourselves to the utmost, so that we have hampered our business. We have paid our way by enormous sacrifices. We have met creditors with honour and debtors with generosity.

These are plain facts. It is not boasting. It is what every nation should have tried to do.

### The New Taxes

But Germany has not shown until quite recently, when ruin has come near her, any trace of this spontaneously honest spirit. She has not taxed her people. She has not paid her way. She has not faced the facts of her position.

If she has been treated with sternness, a sternness that is racking and trying her sorely, it is because she has shirked facing the facts. Dr. Stresemann, the new Prime Minister, is the first of her rulers to admit to himself that Germany has to make up her mind to redeem her past conduct by present and future sacrifices of a grave kind.

That the Germans really are at last beginning to tax themselves is shown by the following facts. An income-tax has been imposed a hundred times as high as in 1922, and these taxes must be paid three times over before January 5, 1924, with heavy penalties for arrears.

### Where the Burden Should Be

These amounts are not as large as might be supposed, for the tax paid in 1922 was very small; but for a moderate income the amount will be something like 7s. in the pound reckoned in the English way. Also there are taxes of 10 per cent. on wages and 20 per cent. on company profits, a heavy tax on agricultural land, and a severe horse-power tax on motor-cars. The effect will certainly be a heavy burden on German shoulders, which before were comparatively free; and it is, of course, precisely where the burden should be borne.

What she would not do because she ought, she is now making up her mind to do because she must. Whatever may be the motive, she is apparently coming into a mind that begins to contemplate paying the bill, and that is a considerable advance, leading toward hopefulness and settlement and more general work throughout the world for the world's recovery, in place of delay and suspense and a liability to disturbance and bloodshed, with deeper depression and loss. The way of the transgressor is hard, and the transgressor is having to own it.



## A DIAMOND JUBILEE OF FREEDOM

### THE DAY WHEN THE SLAVES WERE FREE

#### What Happened on the Cotton Plantations

#### THE NIGHT BEFORE AND THE DAY AFTER

Has anybody noticed, we wonder, that this is the year of the Diamond Jubilee of the freedom of the slaves? It was in 1863 that the proclamation of Abraham Lincoln went out.

It was a wonderful day on the slave plantations, but not all the slaves broke away from the old masters. One of them, a Virginian slave named Matthews, had learned the trade of carpentry, and, by consent of his owner, he travelled about the country, earning wages and paying to the master what they had agreed upon.

In this way Matthews owed three hundred dollars when the day of emancipation arrived in 1863, and under the new law he was no longer liable to pay the debt made under slavery. But from his home in Ohio he walked three hundred miles, over many a rough hill, in order to place the money in his old master's hands.

#### A Kind of Looseness

Another pleasant case was that of the slaves who used to work as bondmen for Mr. Davis, brother to General Jefferson Davis, whom the Federal soldiers swore to hang on "a sour apple-tree." The Davis family retired to the North, and might have fallen into poverty had not their former slaves carried on the business of their plantations, gathered the crops, and sold them, and punctually sent the profits to the family of their old master in their far-away home.

"Why," asked someone of an old Negro in North Carolina, "do you prefer freedom? You are not so well off as you used to be." The reply was: "Boss, dere's a kind of looseness about dis yere freedom which I kinder enjoys."

It was that charming "looseness" which we feel when we sport in meadows, build castles on the sands, or breathe the sweet air of the hilltops.

#### Booker Washington's Memory

Mr. Booker Washington, the famous man who was born a slave, told us the story of the Day of Freedom, and we give his record of it below.

It was a momentous and eventful day to all upon our plantation (he says). The "grape-vine telegraph" was kept busy night and day. The news and mutterings of great events were swiftly carried from one plantation to another.

As the great day drew nearer, there was more singing in the slave quarters than usual. It was bolder, and lasted later into the night.

The night before the eventful day word was sent to the slave quarters to the effect that something unusual was going to take place at the "big house," and early the next morning word was sent to all the slaves, old and young, to gather at the house. Some man who seemed to be a stranger made a little speech, and then read a rather long paper—the Emancipation Proclamation. After the reading we were told that we were all free, and could go when and where we pleased. My mother leaned over and kissed her children, while tears of joy ran down her cheeks.

#### Afterwards

For some minutes there was great rejoicing and thanksgiving, and wild scenes of ecstasy. But there was no feeling of bitterness. In fact, there was pity among the slaves for our former owners. The wild rejoicing on the part of the emancipated coloured people lasted but for a brief period; by the time they returned to their cabins there was a marked change in their feelings. The great responsibility of being free,

## WHAT CAN BE DONE WITH A RIVER

### Australia's Plan to Harness the Murray

#### PREPARING FOR A GREAT POPULATION

It is difficult to realise in our little island what a river may mean to a continent. The things that can be done with a very big river almost take our breath away.

Mr. Stewart, the Australian Minister for Works and Railways, has lately been reviewing the progress of the great Federal scheme for harnessing the River Murray. No river scheme since the building of the Assuan Dam has had such tremendous possibilities.

The Murray is 1120 miles long—over five times as long as the Thames. It flows for the most part between Victoria and New South Wales, with its lower course in South Australia. All three States are vitally interested in water-irrigating their dry districts, and the idea is to turn the Murray into another Nile by regulating its flow.

This will be done by building 25 locks and weirs, one lock and weir having been completed in 1921. The Hume reservoir, which will cost £1,600,000, is to cover 30,000 acres; and Lake Victoria, in New South Wales, is to be extended to make another reservoir of the same size.

#### Barren Fields to Smile with Plenty

By these means it will be possible to store up immense quantities of water at flood-time for use in the dry season; and it is hoped to turn millions of barren acres into fine cornfields.

Originally the works were estimated to cost £4,000,000, but now they will cost much more. Here are some figures which give a good idea of the immense possibilities of the scheme.

The waters of the River Murray, together with those of the Darling, Lachlan, and Murrumbidgee, drain a basin of 41,000 square miles, an area eight times as big as England; and it is hoped to open up a great part of this area for settlement. It is also intended to make a network of navigable waterways stretching for 3200 miles.

Whereas the population of the districts to be irrigated is now only about 10,000, it is expected that 100,000 people will be living there in a few years; and it is believed that two million acres would be able to support a population of over 700,000 and produce wealth to the annual value of over fifty million pounds.

A glance at the map of Australia shows the extent and importance to the continent of the Murray River system. Today a vast area of land is unfit for cultivation; in 50 years it may have as many people living in it as all Australia has today.

See World Map

Continued from the previous column

of having charge of themselves, of having to think and plan for themselves and their children, seemed to take possession of them. It was very much like suddenly turning a child out into the world to provide for himself.

In a few hours the great questions with which the Anglo-Saxon race had been grappling for centuries had been thrown upon these people to be solved. Was it any wonder that within a few hours the wild rejoicing ceased, and a feeling of deep gloom seemed to pervade the slave quarters? To some it seemed that, now that they were in actual possession of it, freedom was a more serious thing than they had expected to find it.

Besides, deep down in their hearts there was a strange and peculiar attachment to "old master" and "old missus," and to their children, which they found it hard to think of breaking off. Gradually, one by one, the older slaves began to wander back to the "big house" to have a whispered conversation with their former owners as to the future.

## NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE



Nearly half the recruits for the Army in 1921 were rejected as unfit.

Six hundred London telephones were put out of order in a recent gale.

Over a hundred thousand people have been maimed by London street accidents in the last five years.

Fifty people have been taken ill in two Sussex villages through eating shrimps sold by a hawk.

Sir Henry Hayden, an English climber, has been found dead in the Alps tied by a rope to two dead guides.

#### The Eiffel Tower

Engineers who recently investigated the stability of the Eiffel Tower report that it is good for at least 25 years more.

#### The Mile Record

A Finn named Paavo Nurmi has beaten the record for running a mile. His time was 4 minutes 10.2-5 seconds.

#### The Mark Still Falling

The German mark has fallen to 50 millions in the pound, that is to say, the English pound in Germany now is worth well over £2,000,000.

#### Telegrams by Tube

A pneumatic tube is being fixed between the General Post Office and the Prime Minister's house for the rapid delivery of telegrams.

#### The Car in the Tree

A motor-car near Dolgelly, in North Wales, was blown into a gorge and saved by the branches of a tree, three people in the car being unhurt.

#### Tragedy on a Raft

A Chinese steward, who saw five of his companions perish one by one, has been rescued from a raft near Shanghai. His ship was sunk and left no trace.

#### Fastest Boat

It is claimed that a motor-boat shown at the Shipping and Engineering Exhibition at Olympia will travel 68 knots an hour—an unheard-of speed at sea.

#### Tunnelling the Rockies

The journey from New York to San Francisco will be shortened 178 miles by the new Moffat Tunnel which is to be driven under the Rocky Mountains.

#### Old Nathan

It is said that a Russian Jew in Sheffield, Nathan Lapatnick, is the oldest man in this country. He gets up at seven, goes to bed at six, and has two meals a day.

#### What They were Looking At

A little crowd was found looking through the window of a teashop in the Strand the other night. Inside two hundred rats were eating up the fragments on the floor.

#### The Shaftesbury Spirit Goes On

The Shaftesbury Society has sent over five thousand poor children for a fortnight's holiday this year. Send it five shillings to John Kirk House, John Street, London, W.C.

#### The Very New Rich

An American who has grown rich by smuggling drink, and is now charged with defrauding the income tax, has furnished his house like a cinema house, with solid gold door-knobs.

#### Long Ago

At the Pacific Science Congress, just held in Sydney, a zoologist declared that in ages past birds sang, flowers bloomed, insects chirped, and brooks babbled along in the heart of Antarctica.

#### The Cramped House of Commons

The House of Commons has only 450 seats for its 615 members, and a few more seats are being arranged. The seats for the public number 209, and 43,382 people occupied them last session.

#### Telephones to Run Themselves

The automatic telephone is coming in London. Orders have been placed for the fitting up of three big exchanges. How these telephones work without human operators has lately been explained in the Children's Encyclopedia.

## WILL MAN FIND ETERNAL ENERGY? READY FOR HIM IF HE CAN USE IT

### An Electrical Engineer and His Idea of Sunshine

#### WHY NOT GROW POWER IN THE FIELDS?

There are two great problems of the future exercising the minds of scientific men all over the world today. One is the problem of energy; the other is the problem of food supply. The question is how those urgent needs of mankind are to be met in the future.

Dr. Charles Steinmetz, one of the ablest electrical engineers of America, recently delivered a lecture on the problem of energy in the course of which he said that there was one great source of energy available today in comparison with which the total energy supply of all the fuel we burn and the hydraulic power available is as nothing. This great source is the energy of the Sun.

#### The Energy of Sunshine

The total energy of all the coal and all the water-power we have and use in a year does not amount to more than one thousand million kilowatts, or 1340 million horse-power, but the energy of the Sun shining on that part of the United States alone which is arid, and cannot be used for agriculture, is about 800,000 million kilowatts, or nearly a thousand times as much as all the coal and water-power together.

"So," says Dr. Steinmetz, "there is a source of energy vastly greater than anything that we are using now, or that we could possibly use. There would be no scarcity if we could open up this source of energy, but we have no means of utilising this solar energy economically, because it is so widely distributed or diluted. The real problem here is one of concentrating this energy."

#### How We Use Sun Power

Of course, there have been solar engines built, in which the solar heat energy has been concentrated by reflectors, and they have been very ingenious and quite effective, but they are simply expensive toys. If some rich man somewhere in the wilderness wants to run a little pumping station in connection with his house, he may be able to afford it; but economically it is impossible.

But, as Dr. Steinmetz points out, the energy which we use now is solar energy, because when we burn coal we are using the sunlight stored up millions of years ago by plants in the primeval forests of the Coal Age. When we use water-power we are using the solar energy which evaporated the water and carried it up into the clouds before it fell on the highlands, to be collected and made to turn wheels.

#### Collecting Sunshine

Why, then, says Dr. Steinmetz, should not biological engineers of the future develop new forms of vegetation which would collect the sunshine at a rate hundreds of times more rapid than our present vegetation can do?

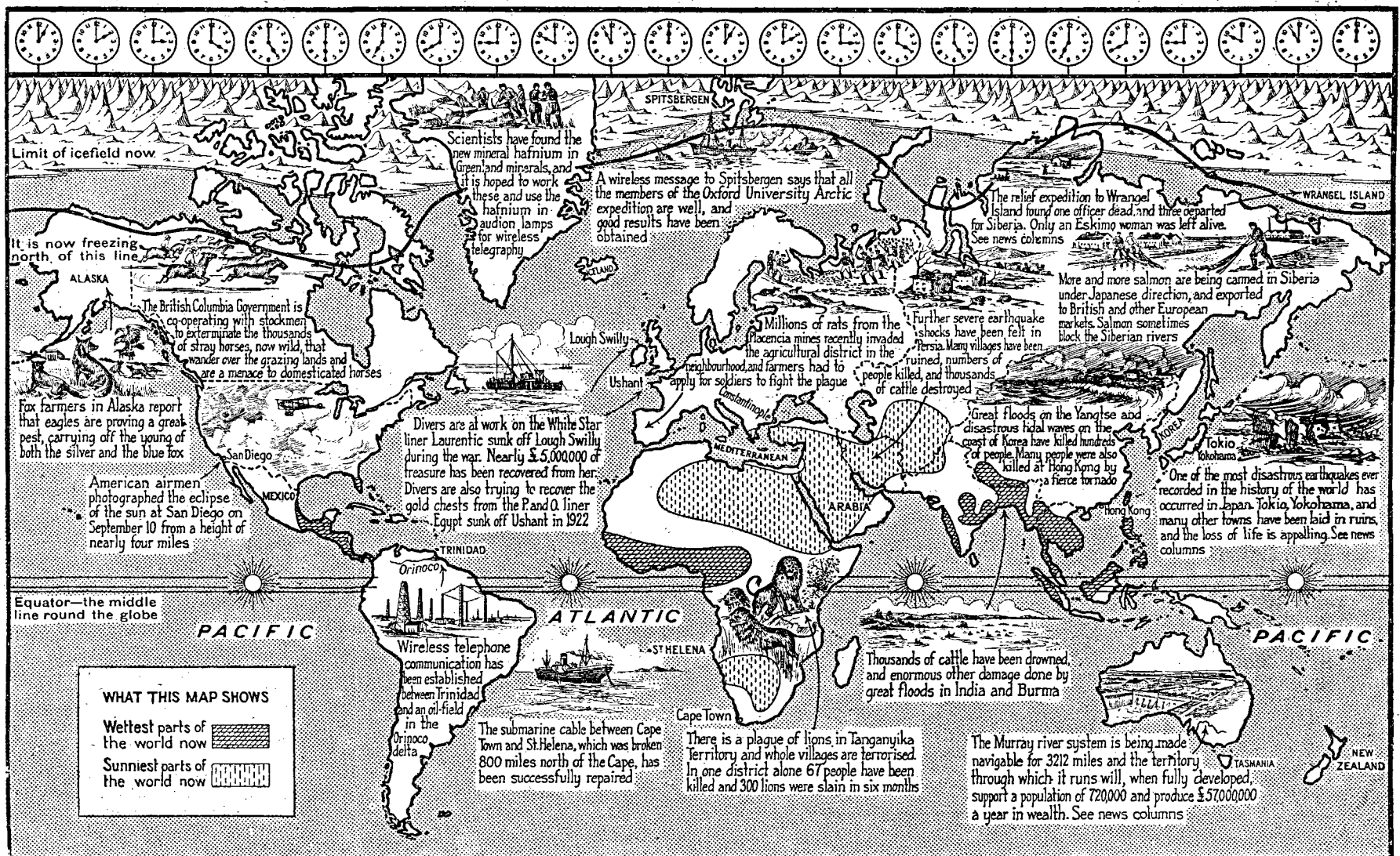
He suggests that perhaps the tall grasses might be the starting point from which, by a process of selection during generation after generation, we could work toward new varieties and find new species which would grow so rapidly that we could raise "energy crops" to supply all our needs.

Year after year the leaves collect the energy of the sunlight, absorb it through chlorophyll, and produce chemical compounds; but though we have all around us the collections of solar energy by the plants, it takes a lifetime for a forest to grow and collect energy. Why should not man speed up this process enormously?

It is a fascinating idea to think of growing crops for energy to work our factories and railways, just as we raise crops to supply us with food.



## PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING WEATHER ALL OVER THE WORLD



## A CANDIDATE FOR WHITE HOUSE

## Who Will be the Next President?

The death of President Harding has set America wondering what will happen at the next Presidential election, and among the men who have been talked of as candidates is Mr. Samuel M. Ralston.

Senator Ralston was born near New Cumberland, Ohio, in 1857, of mixed Scottish and Irish ancestry. His father was a farmer, and whenever a bullock or a sheep was killed it was Samuel's duty to take round the joints to the customers. The boy's love of study, however, led to his being taken away from farm work, and, after graduating from the normal school at Danville, Indiana, at 27 he took up teaching.

His experiences as a schoolmaster proved exciting, as the school in Owen County, where he started, was in a bad state of discipline, and it was only by using physical force that he was able to restore order. His vigorous methods landed him in the law courts, where he defended himself successfully.

After this adventure he gave up teaching and turned his attention to law, becoming eventually one of the ablest and best-known attorneys in the State of Indiana. He was elected to the Senate in 1922.

## BOX OF FISH FROM THE SEA

## A Disappointed Shark

The chief steward of the ship Yoshino Maru caught a shark on the ship's last visit to Sydney. The monster was of the tiger species, weighed 550 pounds, and was nearly eleven feet long. When opened it was found to contain a wooden box nearly a foot square packed with dried fish! Neither box nor fish was digested, but the box was labelled with the name of a firm in New Zealand.

## SLAVERY'S ELEVENTH HOUR

## Its Last Stronghold to Fall?

It may reasonably be hoped that the application by Abyssinia for admission to the League of Nations will be used to rid the world, once for all, of the last official connivance at slavery.

Abyssinia is now the only land on Earth claiming to be an organised nation which not only allows slavery, but promotes it. It ought to be a condition of accepting the country as a civilised State entering the community of civilised States that the Abyssinian authorities should suppress slave-raiding.

Apparently the Regent, Ras Tafari, understands the feeling of the world about this question, and is in personal agreement with the world. What is needed from him is that he should so act as to prove the fitness of his country to enter into equal companionship with other nations.

If he does that in order to be in accord with the League of Nations, the Great War, which brought the League into existence to end war, will have ended slavery, at any rate. Slavery has reached its eleventh hour; its knell should be sounded when Abyssinia joins the League.

## NEW ATLANTIC CABLE

## 80,000 Miles of Iron and Steel

The new cable to which the C.N. referred some weeks ago is now flashing messages under the Atlantic between England and America, from Weston-super-Mare to Long Island.

It claims to be the greatest cable yet laid. For its manufacture 4,000,000 pounds of copper have been used, 1,800,000 pounds of gutta-percha, and 80,000 miles of iron and steel wires of various sizes. The wire would girdle the whole Earth three times if run round in a single strand.

The cable is of British manufacture. Its message-sending capacity will be 1200 letters a minute.

## OUR DEVASTATED AREA

## What the War Has Cost Us

We hear much of the devastated areas of the war abroad, but little of our devastated area at home. Yet houses can be rebuilt, while our devastated trade will never return.

Perhaps it will be well to put down, also, one or two other items in the Devastation Account of the only country in Europe which is paying its war debts.

British Empire's dead	946,023
The Empire's wounded	2,121,906
The Empire's war bill	£9,590,000,000
Loans to Allies	£1,494,000,000
Lost ships and cargoes	£750,000,000
War pensions	£470,000,000
Unemployment	£400,000,000
Housing	£225,000,000
Railways	£203,000,000
Munitions and shipping	£36,500,000
Compensation for damage	£5,000,000
Coal mines	£48,000,000
Bread subsidy	£101,500,000
War relief loans	£33,000,000

And so the hardest-taxed man in the world goes on paying—for his own follies and for the crimes of other nations.

## BULL FIGHTS A TRAIN

## Strange Scene in Texas

A mad bull recently disputed a railway right of way with a passenger train in Western Texas.

Seeing the train approach along the track, the crazed animal charged madly toward it and crashed into the engine with tremendous force.

So great was the impact that the engine and baggage-car were thrown into a ditch, and both the engine-driver and the fireman had to save themselves by jumping.

## Pronunciations in This Paper

Asakusa	Ah-sah-ku-sah
Bosporus	Bos-por-us
Corfu	Kor-foo
Galata	Gah-lah-tah
Tokio	To-ke-o

## BELGIUM TO BRITAIN

## The Nation that Remembers

## DESIRE FOR WISE CONVERSATIONS

By Our Political Correspondent

The Belgian Note to Great Britain shows how difficult her position is. Belgium appreciates deeply what Britain did for her when Germany sprang upon her; and she is human enough to say what she feels, and to say it well. This is how she says it:

In 1914 Great Britain, faithful to her engagements, responded to the appeal the Royal Government addressed to it when its territory was invaded, in contempt of Treaties, and generously spent all its strength in order to ensure the common victory. The 200,000 subjects of the British Empire who repose on Belgian soil attest it.

But Belgium is too near her powerful neighbour France, and too closely bound up with her in business, to take any step that jostles in the least against her self-confident Ally. She is discreet. Small nations do well to be discreet.

She has gone with France, side by side, and she stays with France. She could not do otherwise. But she is friendly toward all her friends, and so addresses them that they continue to regard her sympathetically, and wish that she may have a happy issue from her temporary difficulties.

She is even fair-minded enough to see that the war destruction of the shipping by which Great Britain lives was just the same, in essence, as the destruction of the manufacturing towns and mines by which France lives.

Belgium advocates "discreet conversations" between the Allies who do not agree with each other; and everyone would say she is right if all the nations and politicians could have as much discretion as she has. But have they?



## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

SEPTEMBER 15 1923

## A Grinning Idol

WHEN is God dead, Lord Birkenhead? We are moved to ask Lord Birkenhead this question by a telegram which tells us what he has been saying to the people of America.

All the good people on the Earth are waiting for America to stand by them now, to raise the banner of Idealism once again as she did not long ago, and Lord Birkenhead has been saying in the Great Republic what is so profoundly wrong that it will, we believe, shock millions of his readers throughout the English-speaking world as it has shocked us.

To him has come an opportunity of speaking to the whole world, as an Englishman lately occupying a great office of State, and he has used it to say that self-interest is the master-motive that must control all life, the life of men, or the life of nations. In a word, only Selfishness can be justified.

Then is Christianity not true? Is Lord Birkenhead right and the Sermon on the Mount wrong?

Lord Birkenhead went even farther. He declared that if idealism were given a free reign the world would not survive. That is, society would perish if men and nations ruled their conduct by their best and highest thoughts for the good of the whole world. Only by selfish aims can be ensured our safety and prosperity.

By a single crashing blow this Englishman, just free from the high office which gives power to his words, strikes down all high aspirations for the universal good of mankind. In their place he would erect an altar to Selfishness.

But this god of Lord Birkenhead is a grinning idol. If he were a true god every noble soul whose aims and work and sacrifices have thrilled mankind and roused others to a sublime devotion, was wrong.

If Lord Birkenhead is right the men who ravaged the world, the tyrants who oppressed it for their own gain, were right, and the men who had visions of finer splendours for man's soul, and purer forms of happiness for all, were wrong. If selfishness is right there is no place in the world for Christianity and all it has meant and means to us.

But every man and every woman and every child knows that selfishness is the curse and not the blessing of men and nations.

If it were to rule us our life would not be worth while. If Lord Birkenhead were right we should have to renounce all that was sublimest in the war. We should have to pull down the Cenotaph. But as Lord Birkenhead is wrong we will leave the Cenotaph where it is, and pray that we may live as free from selfishness as those men died.



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



## The Possession of Us All

PUBLIC Opinion has saved the beautiful Holmbury Hill, one of the great heights of Surrey, from an invasion by the Admiralty, which was to build a magnetic observatory there.

It is now greatly to be hoped that the same Public Opinion will save the 1000 acres of the Dorset hills at Lulworth from the horrible invasion of the War Office, which proposes to make this glory of our countryside a place of noise and terror.

The loveliness of England is one of the rich possessions of the world, and not the perquisite of a few officials or a Government Department.

## Only

WE notice in many grown-up papers a tendency to slight the professional classes. They tell us that German merchants are millionaires, that German workmen were never so well off, and add, "It is only the professional classes who are suffering."

A great only! Surely the centre of a nation, the seat of its science, art, and learning, is a matter of the gravest importance.



France Looks Across the Water

Under this picture a Paris newspaper prints these very appropriate words: "O sea, which joined our interests of yesterday, separate not our interests of today!"

## A Great Spirit

ON the eleventh of October every year a number of Arabs come from all quarters to meet at a white man's grave. They sit there talking of his noble actions and sayings. It is a tribute to his memory, and it is an inspiration for their own life till October comes again. It is said of that man: "Where Lloyd Mathews trod any Englishman may follow."

An article about him in the C.N. Monthly has brought us a letter which gives a new story of this great servant of the British Empire, whose sister is now the wife of the Lord Chancellor.

It has been said that if this man, now forgotten in England, had allowed people to know a quarter of what he did for East Africa, the fame of Lloyd Mathews would be like the fame of Cecil Rhodes. One day someone asked him: "Why do you allow people to take credit for the things you have done?" and his answer was: "What does it matter who does the work, so long as the work is done?"

A noble saying; let us write it down with Nelson's.

## They Shall Lie Side by Side

IN death they shall not be divided.

Is there not something to stir the heart a little in an item of news which comes from Kensal Green?

Mrs. Emily Garrett, aged 106, has been laid beside her husband, by whose death-bed she watched when she was young, in 1848.

Europe was in revolution then; thrones and crowns were toppling over; and now three-quarters of a century have gone, Europe is again in revolution, and once again God giveth His beloved sleep.

## Tip-Cat

GERMAN business men are threatening to shoot themselves. They will, naturally, miss the mark.

SIR IAN HAMILTON thinks we should have stuck by Russia. Especially

when we went so far as to take the stick to her.

If children study their local brook, writes a school-master, they will understand the Mississippi. Both are current affairs.

MR. SELFRIDGE is wrong in saying we all have the same amount of time. Footballers know what it is to have half time.

PARIS is said to be care free. In England we get it free also.

RATS are damaging the peas at Beaconsfield. The local cadet corps think of shelling them.

WHY do we take such little interest in what is happening in Mars? Oh, well, the subject is above us!

## For Ever

A SURVEY of all the ways by which the memory of the Great War has been preserved would be very interesting. Loughborough's tower, in which bells will chime music for ever, is now matched by Louvain's tower, in which it is planned that a light shall shine over the city for ever. There is great beauty in these ideas. The bells will ring for ever; the light will shine for ever; let all of us promise to remember for ever those whose courage shook the world.

## Friends

This verse was written in a child's album by William Wordsworth.

Small service is true service while it lasts:  
Of humblest friends, bright creature, scorn not one:  
The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,  
Protects the lingering dewdrop from the sun.

## Dedicated to All Sweet Girls

The C.N., without permission from Mr. Punch, dedicates these verses to all sweet, healthy, and beautiful girls, and to any other girls who will go out into the country and lose their powder-puffs. The verses are from Punch.

WHEN Nancy dropped her hand-bag down among the grass,  
She lost her little powder-puff and her looking-glass;  
She lost her comb and lip-salve and all the rouge as well,  
And what to do without them poor Nancy couldn't tell.

SHE searched among the grasses, she dabbled in the dew,  
Till the clouds skimmed to westward and the Sun shone through;  
The summer days had taught him to sympathise enough  
With sorrows of a maiden who's lost her powder-puff!

HE was very chivalrous, and loved her, I suppose,  
So started in a moment a-powdering her nose  
With wee golden freckles, and it didn't finish there,  
For the Wind came caressing and curling of her hair.

HE twisted it to ripples, and oh! the dainty grace  
Of all the little ringlets that he blew about her face;  
The Rain brought a colour that no "Paris Bloom" could match.  
(Already she'd a dimple to shame a beauty patch!)

So Nancy learned the secrets the courtly three could teach;  
And when they kissed and left her, she was pretty as a peach:  
Her skin was palely golden, her hair was copper flecked.  
Oh! never was a princess so prettily bedecked,

So royally assisted such beauty to attain  
By three gallant gentlemen—the Sun, the Wind, the Rain.  
So Nancy left her powder-puff somewhere upon a down,  
And Nancy went to London—the envy of the town!

## Notable Things Just Said

The four deputies for the Tyrol, protesting against the Italian decree forbidding the use of the name of the country:

We bid adieu to the sacred name of Tyrol till the sun of justice shall shine on us again. Our homeland remains what it always was. Tyrol will only pass away when its mountains pass away.

Dr. Murray Butler, President of Columbia University, on his return to America from Europe:

If Europe's economic problem could be placed in the hands of six business men as administrators, I firmly believe that Europe would soon be on the way to economic health.

Mr. H. A. L. Fisher, late Minister of Education, talking to teachers:

Most of our children wake up in the morning, not to rooks and elms and the song of the lark, but to the drab surface of the slum opposite and the clang of the factory bell.



## WHEN WILL EUROPE PLAY CRICKET? LEAGUE OF NATIONS OR COLLAPSE

What the League Is and What  
It Is Not

### THE NATIONS AND THEIR SCRAP OF PAPER

By C. B. Fry  
C.N. Correspondent at Geneva

You are all at this moment living at one of the critical junctures in the history of civilisation. The fourth annual Assembly of the League of Nations is in session at Geneva. The delegates of all the Member-States are there, and this time they will have to declare whether they mean to honour the agreement to which they pledged themselves when they signed the Covenant of the League, or whether they mean to tear up their scrap of paper.

The Covenant is just as much a treaty as the one which Germany tore up, but for some reason or other most people fancy nations can do as they like about keeping or breaking it. Even distinguished politicians seem adrift on this point.

#### The Idea of the League

In ordinary talk the idea of the League of Nations is used with at least three different meanings. Sometimes it means simply the general idea on which the League, of course, is founded, of substituting a Peace system for a War system in the relations between nations. Sometimes it means simply one or more of the departments of the League—the Council, or the Assembly, or the Secretariat, or the International Labour Office, or the Permanent Court of International Justice, or all of these. Sometimes it means—and strictly this is the proper meaning—the nations which compose the League qualified by their character as members of it. A cricket club is its members, qualified by the intention of playing the game and obeying the rules; the League is its Member-States, qualified by the intention of acting up to the terms of the Covenant.

#### The Final Word

When somebody says he does not believe in the League of Nations he may mean that he does not believe in a Peace basis of relations between nations; he thinks they must for ever be founded on war and force and not on law and justice.

And it certainly is true that hitherto diplomatic treatment of any dispute has generally been founded on force. The ambassador with the strongest army or fleet behind him said the final word; all his words took their meaning ultimately from this background. It was precisely to end this state of things, and to build up a Peace basis of international relations, that the League was formed.

Again, one who disbelieves in the League may mean that he regards the Council of the League as an instrument incapable of carrying out its aims. Such a disbelief is different from disbelief in the idea on which the League is based.

#### No Room for Doubt

But when a critic means that he does not believe that the nations which compose the League can do what they promised to do when they signed the Covenant he does not mean that they cannot; he means that they will not. It is obvious that if all the nations were willing to act up to the terms of the Covenant there would be no room for doubt; the thing would be done.

If you can succeed in getting these points into the heads of your father, your mother, your elder brother and sister, your uncles and aunts, you will have done a big day's work for humanity.

The root difficulty in carrying on a reasonable conversation about the League with most people is that ninety-nine out of a hundred persist in supposing that the League is something separate and distinct from the nations

## WHAT THEY FOUND ON WRANGEL ISLAND

THE poignant question we asked last week about Wrangel Island has been answered. It has proved impossible for four white men and their Eskimos to exist in frigid Wrangel Island for two winters on provisions sufficient for only one winter.

The rescue expedition arrived to find the whole party, except one woman, dead or vanished. One of the men, Lorne Knight, was dead; the others had struggled out over the ice and had not since been heard of. Only the poor Eskimo woman survives from the party to tell the dismal story.

Mr. Harold Noice, in his little motor schooner, reached the island from Nome, in Alaska, and has returned with the sad tidings of the explorers.

History affords no picture more pathetic than that which awaited the relief expedition on Wrangel land—the wild stricken figure of Ada, the Eskimo

woman, alone with her terrors and her dead, reduced to her last crumb of food, so feeble that she fainted at the sight of her rescuers.

Her recital was one of woe. Allan Crawford, Fred Maurier, and Milton Galle in January this year marched out from camp over the ice, trying to reach the mainland, and they vanished in the Arctic night and were never again seen. Ada's Eskimo husband, Black-jack, died in her presence. There remained Lorne Knight, whose iron constitution withstood the ravages of scurvy until last June, when he, too, died.

Then for two months, alone in that pitiless land, with none but the dead near, lived this hapless woman, tormented by fears and by that hunger and cold which Dante grimly pictures as the ultimate punishment of the unhappiest of sinners.

See World Map

## THE BLACKBERRIES ARE HERE AGAIN



The blackberry season has now begun, and boys and girls all over the country are gathering the harvest of the hedgerows. The little man in this picture seems to be wondering whether his basket will be big enough

Continued from the previous column

which compose it; that it is, in fact, a separate super-national being which lives at Geneva. You, of course, can see that a cricket club is not a peculiar demigod in flannels with a home at Lord's; but then, being a reader of the C.N., you have some intelligence.

By the same token you are a bit of a torch-bearer, a conveyer of light, so I propose to you that you shed these two rays of light among your friends:

1. The League of Nations is not a dragon that lives in a cave at Geneva.
2. The League was not intended to impose settlements on nations, but to promote agreements.

If anyone argues with you, ask him if he has read the Covenant. If he says "No," as he will in 99 cases in 100, ask him how he supposes he knows what the League is. You will be safe; no one can possibly understand the League of

Nations without knowing its constitution, its principles, and its practice.

I said that now is a critical juncture. It is. If the nations openly or covertly now declare to win on the War basis instead of the Peace basis, then in a few years or sooner 1914 will be back again, and meanwhile we shall be spending £60 out of every £100 of national revenue on armaments and preparations for war, £62 on war and £38 on everything else. Can we afford it?

The League costs us twopence and one halfpenny out of every £100 we pay in taxes; a tenth of a farthing in the pound.

Some people call it an expensive luxury. It secured us £2,000,000 the other day when it re-established Austria, and this will pay our subscription for nearly twenty years.

Give it a push, every one of you.

## LEMMINGS TAKE THE FIELD TRAGEDY OF ANIMAL MIGRATION

Dumb Creatures March in  
Search of Food

### A FAMOUS SIGHT

By Our Natural Historian

A lemming migration has begun in Northern Norway, and for the next year, or it may be longer, naturalists will have an opportunity of tracing and describing one of the most famous marvels in the animal world.

These migrations do not happen often, but from observation of the numbers of lemmings normally in residence at a colony the weatherwise should be able to predict such a movement.

The little rodents, matching the short-tailed field mouse in size, develop their numbers slowly and steadily during a course of years, like other wild stock in a state of freedom. But there comes an unusually mild early spring, followed by a favourable summer in which vegetation is exceptionally prolific.

#### Faced with Starvation

The abundant food leads to an enormously rapid increase of the lemmings, generation following generation in hurried succession, and each generation reproducing their kind. Winter arrives early in Northern latitudes, and with the cutting off of the food supply the lemmings are faced with starvation. They must migrate or perish.

So all but a few gather together, march down from the mountains, and begin a search for a Promised Land from which they never return. They go straight forward over every obstacle, feeding as they march, a little stage each day for weeks, months, or years, till they reach the sea and plunge in to death.

#### Extraordinary Events in Nature

This is the only form of migration known to us attended by results so dire. Birds come and go; bison used to march like a nation across North America; springboks gathered together in such numbers in South Africa that from a mountainside one could not see the limits of their ranks; caribou still flow in living cataracts from the feeding-ground of one season to that of another; salmon make rivers almost solid with their numbers as they swim up from the sea; young eels discolour the waterways up which they stream in hundreds of millions from their ocean nurseries. There is a wonderful rhythm here, both on the land and in the waters.

There is one species of fish, the winter herring of the Skagerak, off the coast of Norway, which appears in vast swarms only once a century. It has been traced back in recurrent multitudes, at intervals of about 111 years, ever since 895. Who shall explain such events?

### MR. COOLIDGE

#### The Man from the Wooden House

An American newspaper, describing the new American President, says Mr. Coolidge has a dry humour, a cold blue eye, sandy hair, and a square jaw. He is the most taciturn man who ever entered the White House. No man ever went so far on so few words.

He eats lightly, crackers and milk serving him for lunch. He can milk a cow as well as anybody, and do all the work on a farm. Walking is his exercise, and reading his recreation.

He smokes mild cigars when he wants them, which is not often; shaves with an old-style razor, is a lawyer with a small practice, married a school teacher, regularly attends a Congregational Church, rents a modest wooden house, and believes that the best recipe for happiness is work, and for success is silence, though when he does speak his utterances are forceful. Picture on page 12



## MEN OF BIDEFORD IN DEVON

### THE BRIDGE THEY WENT OVER

Where Drake & Raleigh Stood  
and Watched the Waters Pass

#### WHAT KINGSLEY SAID OF IT

The famous Bideford Bridge, whose story is known to all who have read Charles Kingsley's *Westward Ho!* is being widened in order that it may cope with the heavy motor traffic that has to pass to and fro over its stout arches.

This ancient bridge is Bideford's proudest possession, and in the evenings it is used by the townspeople as a promenade—as no doubt it was in the days of Drake and Raleigh and Amyas Leigh, when these fine fellows must have stood on the bridge and watched the waters pass by to the sea.

#### The Legend

It is a very remarkable bridge, for, though it was built in the 14th century, nearly six hundred years ago, its foundations are still firm and strong, and able to take the heaviest modern traffic that passes across it, and yet it is so sensitive that it is said to shake with the slightest step of a horse.

It was originally very narrow, being intended only for pack horses and foot passengers, but in 1810, when wheeled vehicles had superseded pack horses, it was widened for the new conditions at a cost of £3200. Some years later it was still further widened at an additional cost of £6000, and now £21,000 is to be spent in making it a bridge fit for the latest conditions.

The legend of the bridge handed down for centuries is that Sir Richard Gourney, a local priest, was urged by a vision to begin the building of it, and that he started at a point higher up the river, but was directed in another vision to choose the present site. Kingsley tells this in his famous novel.

#### Chief Wonder of Devon

All do not know the occult powers which have advanced and animated this said wondrous bridge for now five hundred years, and made it the chief wonder of this fair land of Devon; being first an inspired bridge; a soul-saving bridge; an alms-giving bridge; an educational bridge; a sentient bridge; and last, but not least, a dinner-giving bridge.

All do not know how, when it began to be built some half-mile higher up, hands invisible carried stones down stream each night to the present site; until Sir Richard Gourney, parson of the parish, going to bed one night in sore perplexity and fear of the evil spirit who seemed so busy in his sheep-fold, beheld a vision of an angel, who bade him build the bridge where he himself had so kindly transported the materials, for there alone was sure foundation amid the broad sheet of shifting sand.

#### The Bishop's Blessing

All do not know how Bishop Grandison of Exeter proclaimed through his diocese indulgences, benedictions, and participation in all spiritual blessings for ever to all who would promote the bridging of that dangerous ford, and so, consulting alike the interests of their souls and of their bodies, make the best of both worlds.

The bridge is a veritable esquire, bearing arms of its own (a ship and a bridge proper on a plain field), and owning lands and tenements in many parishes, with which the said miraculous bridge has, from time to time, founded charities, built schools, waged suits at law, and given yearly dinners.

This wonderful bridge, that has stood like a rock through all the storms and strifes of centuries, is 677 feet long, and rests on 24 arches. An unsightly parapet of iron, put up in Victorian times, is now to be replaced by one of stone, more in keeping with the architecture of the old bridge.

## ELECTRICITY MARCHES ON

### One of the Wonderful Things it is Doing Now

#### ABSENT DOCTOR EXAMINES A MAN'S HEART

Electrical work can be divided into two kinds, one dealing with big amounts of electricity for lighting, driving tram-cars, and all kinds of machinery; the other dealing with very tiny currents such as we get in the telephone, the telegraph, and in many fascinating instruments used in modern science.

Less than 200 years ago Galvani discovered animal electricity by noticing that the muscle of a frog's leg contracted when the leg touched two different metals. Today electricity enables us to draw a chart of the beats of a man's heart with an electric instrument several miles away, merely connected by telegraph wires with the man.

Every time one of our muscles makes a movement there comes a change in what is called the electric potential between the active and passive parts of the muscle; and if a very delicate galvanometer be connected with the muscle a tiny electric current will pass through the instrument, flowing from the passive to the active part.

#### A Film Record

The galvanometer is used to act on a shutter which regulates the passage of a beam of light falling on a moving band of photographic film, and when this film is developed a record of the heart-beats of a patient is obtained, which is today proving of immense value.

More recently the sounds made by the heart, as listened to with a stethoscope, have been applied to an exceedingly sensitive microphone, and sent over the telephone wires to a recording instrument in the surgery of a heart specialist miles away. He can thus examine his patient without having to leave his surgery, and gets an actual lasting record of the examination.

## THE BOY'S PRAYER BOOK A Schoolmaster Does a Fine Thing

UNCONVENTIONAL PRAYERS FOR BOYS. By A. G. Grenfell, M.A. (2s. 6d. Philip and Tacey).

We wish to recommend schoolmasters to buy this book. That advice is given earnestly and unreservedly.

The responsible author is the Head Master of Mostyn House School, Parkgate, Cheshire, a brother of Dr. Grenfell of Labrador.

Mr. Grenfell shows in his preface, in his short addresses on practical religion for boys, and in his shorter prayers, that he thoroughly understands the spirit of the modern boy and the religion that will attract and help him.

First he gives a talk of from 300 to 400 words on some subject that naturally brings religion into a boy's thoughts; and this is followed by a prayer linked with the subject of the talk.

The thoughts and words are such as a boy in the lowest form can understand and feel to be just what he needs.

The subjects are admirably chosen; their treatment is manly, stimulating, and truly reverent; and the prayers are ideally fitted for their purpose.

Here are a dozen of the subjects: Beginning of Term, Having Religion, Blessing Our People, Being Keen, Feeling Sorry, Loving God, Meaning Our Prayers, Thanking God Properly, Taking Our Beatings Well, Decent Modesty, Aid Against Perils, Friends.

We are quite sure that teachers, whether in schools for boys or for girls, will be thankful for this most helpful book, and to parents it may give illuminating glimpses into the minds of their children.

## FOOD REVOLUTION BREAD WITHOUT FLOUR

### A White Loaf Which Has all the Wheat Vitamines

#### DOING AWAY WITH THE MILLER

An entirely new method of making the finest wheat bread without flour has just been invented in France.

The great problem of the baker has always been to make the tastiest bread with the best appearance and with the highest nutritive value; that is, an attractive-looking loaf that should contain all the vitamins of the wheat grain.

A beautiful white bread can be made from a flour that contains only the central part of the grain, the two envelopes and the nourishing material between them being eliminated in the milling process. But this bread, though tasty, is sadly lacking in nourishment. Indeed, pigeons, mice, rats, guinea-pigs, and other animals fed on it exclusively, with nothing else but water, pine and die. They are really starved to death, and the same fate would overtake human beings if fed exclusively on ordinary white bread, for it is deprived of most of its vitamins—those mysterious substances without which healthy life is impossible.

#### Difficulties Overcome

On the other hand, all the nutritive elements of the wheat can be embodied in the bread, but it is then dark in appearance and unattractive to most of us.

The new French invention combines the best of both processes, but its greatest wonder is that the bread is not made from flour, but direct from the corn or wheat berry, without the intervention of the miller. If the process proves itself in practice, as experts believe it will, we may see the greatest revolution in food preparation that has ever been seen. It will be a far greater change than that from the windmill, with its grinding stones, to the steam mill, with its crushing rollers.

For years experts have been at work trying to evolve a process which would retain all the nutritive elements of the wheat berry while keeping the bread white and soft. Some years ago a white bread was produced which contained all the wheat, but it was so hard that the consumer needed the teeth of a lion to masticate it. Another method was more successful, but was so costly as to make it commercially impossible.

#### Better and Cheaper Bread

Now, the new French method appears to meet all requirements. There is no preliminary sifting of the grain from the bran. The wheat, as it comes from the thresher, is fed into a machine which turns it, not into flour, but into dough. All the nutritive values of the wheat are contained in this, with all the vitamins, and when it is baked a perfect loaf is produced—white, soft, and nourishing, and at a greatly reduced cost, for the machine that makes the dough from the grain is inexpensive and saves a great deal of the present cost of bread-making.

The machine can be operated by the current from an electric-light socket. It is available for the home, and the housewife, it is claimed, will be quite able to make her own dough, buying wheat from the farmer direct. The only part of the wheat grain which is not fit for human food is the bran, or outer covering, and this is thrown out by the new machine when it delivers the dough.

#### THE ONE-MAN CAR

A small but very fast one-man car has made its appearance on the streets of Los Angeles. Clearing the ground by only a few inches, and weighing but 800 pounds, its four-cylinder engine can drive it along at eighty miles an hour.

## FRIENDS OR FOES? THE KESTREL AND THE SPARROW-HAWK

### Witnesses Who Have Watched Them Closely

#### NATURE'S POLICE

By Our Natural Historian

The C.N. and its companion papers are often as a voice crying in the wilderness when they plead for the sparing of wild life in Great Britain. The grown-up papers are commonly so sympathetic to the game preserver and the gamekeeper that pleas for mercy are drowned in the multitude of counsels.

But Lord Grey's Bill for the preservation of bird life has brought notable reinforcements of the arguments with which our readers are familiar.

The dispute wages round the kestrel, for which we have so often appealed. It destroys chickens and young pheasants, say its enemies. Up comes a close observer, who has watched the bird through good glasses, to tell a quite different tale.

#### The Mouse-Catcher

Here and there he agrees with Lord Grey. A kestrel may often fall into bad habits, but in all his observation of the birds he has never seen a kestrel take a chick of either poultry or pheasant.

Kestrels drop where such birds are, he says, but not to seize these poor things. Mice abound wherever poultry and game birds are kept; they come out and eat the corn when human watchers are not on the alert. And our friend's glasses disclose that almost invariably when a kestrel alights near the coops it is a mouse with which it returns to the air.

Very well, says another writer; that is probably correct; but, if you spare the kestrel, at any rate slaughter that demon the sparrow-hawk, which is indisputably an enemy of domestic birds.

#### Watching the Nests

The case for the sparrow-hawk has been stated in these columns more than once, and it would be wearisome to renew the argument, but a new witness appears with new evidence.

He has long had two nests of sparrow-hawks under close observation, in a district where pheasants and poultry galore are reared by farmers who never dreamed that their reputed enemies were near. What is the result? Not a chick of pheasant or poultry was ever taken, yet the young sparrow-hawks were fed superbly by their parents. Whence, then, came their food?

One sparrow-hawk nest was fed entirely on young rabbits. The parents of the second nest seemed not quite strong enough to carry rabbits, so they brought up their fledgelings on a diet of young wood pigeons, whose immature condition plainly showed that the hawks had carried them bodily out of the nests.

#### Keeping Down the Pests

So there we have the rights of the wrongly abused sparrow-hawks. The C.N. has no word to urge against rabbits or wood pigeons in lawful numbers, but they are artificially fostered and coddled through the slaughter of their natural police, the birds of prey, so that they have become a plague in many parts of the country.

Rabbits are the despair of hosts of farmers, smallholders, and tenants of allotments, to say nothing of private houses in the country.

Wood pigeons are the gluttons of our fields and gardens; lovely creatures, of course, and most gracious to sight and ear; but the destruction of the police which Nature designed to arrest their excessive multiplication has allowed them to become a pest.

Nature has been million of years planning development, check and counter-check, and we blunder when we snap a link of her living chain. E. A. B.



## THE WEEK IN GEOGRAPHY

### CONSTANTINOPLE A LINK BETWEEN EUROPE AND ASIA

By bold action Turkey has won for herself a new start in the world.

Again she comes back to Constantinople, unhampered by the control of European Powers. The troops of the Allies are leaving that historic city, and the first to depart were General Harington's British army. Once more, as so many times before in its long story, the eyes of the world are turned to that famous capital.

Jerusalem, Damascus, Athens, Rome, and Constantinople were capitals long before London and Paris were known to the world, and, of all these more ancient cities, the most naturally placed for wide influence was Constantinople. The Emperor Constantine the Great judged well when, about the year A.D. 330, he chose it as the centre for his government, and gave it his name.

#### The Golden Horn

Before that time it had been known as Byzantium, a straggling seaport fringing the Golden Horn.

The site is magnificent. Just before the Bosphorus Strait, dividing Asia from Europe, enters the little Sea of Marmora, it sends off to the north-east a deep, curving arm, the Golden Horn, perhaps the most famous of the world's inlets. The hilly land between the Bosphorus, Golden Horn, and the Sea of Marmora forms a peninsula which can be fortified to the westward by a wall from sea to sea. And for 1500 years Constantinople, rising, like Rome, from its seven hills, has been so fortified—a roughly triangular peninsula, with a great rampart defending its landward base, and the sea on the other two sides.

#### A Mixed Population

The city has now spread across the Golden Horn eastward, and two bridges lead to Galata, the centre of commerce, and farther eastward to Pera, the residential district for Europeans; while, still farther to the east, alongside the Bosphorus, were the palaces of the former sultans.

Beyond the mouth of the Bosphorus, on the Asian side, is Scutari, reached by ferry boats. The central, ancient peninsula part of Constantinople, a crowded Eastern city with perhaps the most mixed population in the world, bears the Turkish name for Constantinople, Stamboul. No quite trustworthy count of the population of Stamboul and its outlying parts has ever been made; but at least a million people are collected in this headquarters of the Mohammedan world, which is an entrance door to Europe on the one hand, and to Asia on the other hand.

#### Captured by the Turks

When Constantine founded Constantinople on the site of Byzantium, he meant it to supersede Rome as the capital of the Roman Empire, but it did not do that. The empire became divided into two parts, Rome remaining the Western capital, and Constantinople becoming the Eastern capital. Long after Rome was taken by barbarian invaders the Eastern capital resisted attacks, and it was not till the year 1453, after 1123 years of imperial rule, that it fell into the hands of the Turks, who have made it their capital for the last 370 years.

One reason why Constantinople has a great variety of people living in it—Turks, Greeks, Armenians, Jews, Balkan races, and Western Europeans—is because the Turks are not business people. Trading is almost entirely in the hands of foreigners, and one of the most interesting public questions that will follow the handing back of Constantinople by the Allies is whether the Turks will protect the lives and industry of the races that do the work which Turks cannot do.

## DISEASE HOUSES

### PASSING ON THE GERM

#### What Becomes of All the Colds in the Heads?

#### STORY OF A HOSPITAL

By a Scientific Expert

In London in August, says Sir William Hamer, Medical Officer of Health to the L.C.C., some places seem more liable than others to cholera attacks and typhoid fever. Some places, and even some institutions, like hospitals, or infirmaries, or workhouses, seem to get attacks of these diseases year after year.

Why is it? There is no doubt some districts suffer much more than others, the slum districts, for example, especially in deaths of babies. But that is easy to account for. A low standard of health, bad water, bad drains, bad air, dirty milk, flies—these will account for a good deal. But what about houses or institutions?

#### Moving the Hospital

Not many years ago a children's hospital had to be closed because they had epidemic after epidemic of measles and diphtheria in it. Was that bad drainage or unhealthy conditions? It does not seem very likely, though the hospital was an old house.

The hospital was moved a few doors off into a new building, and ever since then has been as healthy as any other children's hospital. The old hospital was turned into a private house, and those who have lived in it these twenty-five years are as healthy as their neighbours.

Is there any other cause? There is a possible one. Have you ever thought what becomes of all the colds in the head between one winter and another? They disappear. But they have not gone. Nearly every one, 99 out of 100 Londoners, has a cold in winter, sometimes more than one. In spring the numbers and the percentage fall. In the autumn people begin to get colds again. *The cold spreads from one person to another till everyone has it again.*

It is really the same old cold. It has been carried right through the summer by a few people, who keep handing it on till November comes, when everyone is ready to take it.

#### Handing on a Cold

These people who "carry on" through the summer are the "carriers" of the infection of a cold. Sir William Hamer thinks it likely that there are people who carry on the infection of other diseases, such as diphtheria, typhoid, cholera, without seeming to be sufferers. These people, living permanently in a house, an institution, or even in a district, may perhaps pass on the germ.

At the old children's hospital of which we speak, when the removal was made to much larger premises, the staff was broken up and dispersed, and largely replaced by a new one in the wards and kitchens. Perhaps the carriers of the germs of epidemics disappeared when making up the staff for the new hospital. Or, of course, it may be that the new hospital started afresh from a sanitary point of view.

The old house, empty for some time, was thoroughly overhauled before new tenants came in, and the new tenants were grown-up people, and therefore not so liable to dangerous infection as children are to the throat germs of measles and diphtheria.

#### SHORTENING THE WAY TO WALES

A scheme is suggested for a new road-bridge over the Severn from near Chepstow, shortening by over 60 miles the distance between South Wales and the West of England.

## C.N. QUESTION BOX

All questions must be asked on postcards; one question on each card, with name and address. The Editor regrets that it is not possible to answer all the questions sent in.

#### How Many Kinds of Birds Are There?

About ten thousand different species of birds are now recorded.

#### How Big is a Full-Grown Guinea Pig?

About ten inches from the tip of the nose to the other extremity.

#### Why is a Rain Cloud Black?

Because it is made up of vapour so dense that the Sun's light cannot pass through it.

#### How are Soda Siphons Filled?

They are filled by a machine, the gas being forced into the liquid under pressure.

#### Which are the Seven Seas?

The North and South Atlantic, the North and South Pacific, the Arctic, Antarctic, and Indian Oceans.

#### Why does Rat Poison Glow in the Dark?

Because it contains phosphorus, and that element oxidises or burns slowly in the air, giving out light in so doing.

#### What are the Eyes in Potatoes?

The eyes in potatoes are really buds, and the potato that we eat is a tuber, or underground stem, not a root.

#### Why has the Hawaiian Flag a Union Jack in the Corner?

This is a relic of the first flag of the United States, which, in 1775 and 1776, consisted of stripes with the Union Jack as a canton.

#### How Many Spots Has a Ladybird?

Different species of ladybirds have different numbers of spots; thus there are the two-spotted ladybird, the seven-spotted ladybird, and so on.

#### What is the Most Southerly Town in the World?

We believe it is the whaling settlement on South Georgia, where Shackleton is buried. This has a church and a policeman, and can be called a town.

#### Who was the Lass of Richmond Hill?

Dr. Brewer says she was Miss L'Anson, of Hill House, Richmond, Yorkshire. The words of this sweet ballad were by M'Nally, and the music by James Hook, who married the lady.

#### What is the Tree Sparrow?

This bird is a cousin of the house sparrow, and, though abundant in the Eastern and Midland counties of England and in the East of Scotland and Ireland, is very local. It resembles the house sparrow, but is smaller.

#### Why are People Vaccinated on the Arm?

It does not matter where people are vaccinated. Some are vaccinated on the leg, but the left arm is a suitable place, as it is less used than the right arm, and so causes less inconvenience to workers.

#### What is Bimetallism?

The system of using both gold and silver as legal tender for any amount at a fixed ratio to each other. In a country like Britain, which does not have a bimetallic system, silver coinage is only legal tender up to forty shillings.

#### How Old is the City of London?

No one can say. There was a settlement and fort of the ancient Britons long before the Romans came, called Llyndin, or the Lake Fort. The Romans could not pronounce this, but called the place Londinium.

#### What is the Rose of Jericho?

A plant of North Africa and Syria which, after flowering, curls up, becomes dry, and is blown out of the ground and bowled along. Weeks or months later, on getting into a moist situation, it opens out and disperses its seeds.

#### Why Does Red Infuriate a Bull?

No one can say definitely why red infuriates a bull, and some have even doubted whether the colour does infuriate a bull, believing that it is the person wearing it and the movement that cause the anger. But we know that in human beings different colours have different effects on the nervous system, green, for instance, being soothing, and possibly something of the same kind is true of the bull.

#### How Heavy is Sea Water at Great Depths?

Sir John Murray says water at 4000 metres is only 1½ per cent. heavier than usual by reason of the compression. One litre of water at 4000 metres weighs 1046 grammes; if this were brought to the surface it would expand so that its volume would be increased by 18 cubic centimetres. Subtracting the 18 cubic centimetres and weighing the remaining litre we find a weight of 1028 grammes.

## FAR-OFF WORLD OF MYSTERY

### IF BRITAIN WERE ON URANUS

#### Twenty-One Years Between Sunset and Dawn

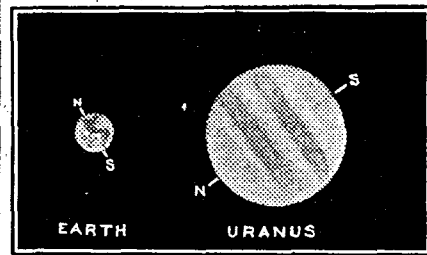
#### A VAST CANOPY OF CLOUD

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

Uranus, whose position in the heavens was described in last week's C.N., possesses some fascination for those who like to let their imagination loose in other worlds than our own.

Though still a world of mystery, sufficient is known about Uranus to indicate that it is totally unlike our planet; and, in spite of the 1780 million miles that intervene between us, great telescopes can discern enormous cloud belts that stretch across this planet, north and south of its equator, which, by the way, is about 100,000 miles round.

Judging from the gravitational pull of Uranus upon its four moons, the weight of this far-off world is, as a whole, but little greater than water—only a fifth more—and therefore, on an average,



Comparative sizes of the Earth and Uranus, showing the tilt of their axes

every cubic foot of Uranus is less than a quarter as heavy as an average cubic foot of the Earth.

Great as its bulk is, gravity at its surface is less than on Earth; so that a 10 lb. weight would weigh only 9 lb. on Uranus. We should therefore be able to walk farther, jump higher, and our bodily activities would become greater on this distant world than on our own. But our lives would be spent in very short days of sombre twilight, for spectroscopic research by Lowell has shown that Uranus revolves in 10½ hours.

#### Our Sun Seen as a Star

As the Sun would shine in Uranian skies as a bright star, bestowing only a 368th part of the light that he does upon us, noonday would not be a very brilliant time. Moreover, with their densely cloud-laden atmosphere, Uranians probably would rarely see the Sun. Our Earth would never be seen, being far beyond the limits of visibility, and always appearing so close to the Sun that a most powerful telescope alone would reveal its existence to the Uranians, if such beings exist.

Were we on Uranus some of the most amazing of our experiences would be the seasons. Britain, and indeed the whole of Europe, would be within the Uranian tropics, for the Sun would reach at mid-summer the 58th degree of latitude instead of the 23½ degrees, north and south of the Equator, that we are familiar with.

#### Four Moons in the Long Night

Further, owing to the great tilt of its axis, shown above, the Sun would never set in England for about 21 years, while in winter he would not be seen for 21 years. The very feeble light of Uranus's four moons, Ariel, Umbriel, Titania, and Oberon, would probably relieve the utter blackness of this long Uranian night.

Doubtless the vegetation would live for but one long day, and then die down for the long, cold night. But would it really be cold? This is one of the problems confronting astronomers, for there is evidence that Uranus possesses much internal heat; so who knows but what multitudes of wonderful creatures may flourish there?

G. F. M.



# THE HEIR OF A HUNDRED KINGS

The Strange Adventures  
of a Schoolboy in Africa

Told by  
Herbert Strang

## CHAPTER 61 The Scouting Party

"We've beaten them!" cried Roger exultantly.

"I beg your Majesty's pardon," said Mr. Paradine, "we have only rebuffed them."

"But Muleh will take them in the rear."

"He has not had time to get round. Remember, he has to fetch Achmet from our camp."

"I hope he'll be quick," cried Roger. "I'm sick of being Sanka-ra, toggled up like this. Don't call me your Majesty again, Uncle."

"Very well, your—I must be careful. But now it seems to me absolutely necessary to find out what the raiders are doing or going to do. I'm afraid our scouts are too simple for the job, but I can't leave this spot myself. Do you think—"

"Of course I'll do it, Uncle. But how?"

"Surely there's some way up the hills to a place where you can get a view of their movements?"

Questioning the natives through Suleiman, Roger learned that there was a hill-track some distance back, along the upper valley of the stream they had seen the previous night. From the summit of this track the whole country beneath could be surveyed.

"Then off you go," said Mr. Paradine. "Take a score of spearmen with you, and Hassan. You must leave Suleiman with me."

In a few minutes Roger was marching back through the gorge at the head of twenty picked men. When they came to the rest of the little army the Doctor asked where they were going. On learning their destination he insisted on joining them.

"But it's a stiff climb, Uncle," said Roger.

"Never mind," said the Doctor resolutely. "We have lost you once; I'll take care I don't lose you again."

He joined the party. They turned into the hill-track, which wound steeply to their left hand. It was not long before the Doctor was in difficulties and had to be hauled up with the aid of his umbrella.

"You're puffed, Uncle," said Roger presently. "Hadden't you better go back with a couple of the men?"

The Doctor snorted with indignation. "I decline, absolutely, to leave you," he said, blowing hard. "Excelsior!"

"Well, there's no snow and ice," said Roger, grinning, "but I believe we're going to have some rain. Look at those clouds sweeping up."

"Extraordinary! Rain is not due in this country for two or three months yet. My umbrella will come in useful."

"It has already, Uncle," said Roger, smiling again. "And I think you'd better still use it as a walking-stick."

Rain began to fall heavily, rendering the rocky track so slippery that without the umbrella the Doctor would hardly have kept his footing. Soon every member of the party was drenched.

Presently the track became easier. They reached the stream, which flowed in a series of cascades from higher hills behind. Entering the dry margin of the stream's bed, they moved on more quickly; but it was more than an hour from their starting before they gained the promised outlook over the gorge and the country below.

Roger halted. Through the teaming downpour he was at first unable to get a clear view of the distant prospect. But he noticed, just below him, what appeared to be an old watercourse, separated from

the stream by a few feet of earth and rocks. It seemed to him that at one time there must either have been two rivers, or that some convulsion of the earth had raised this natural dam, and diverted the course of the stream.

"But it won't be many years," he thought, "before the water cuts through that bank. Uncle James would be interested in that."

The downpour continued for a considerable time. Fed from above, the stream swelled, and was soon twice its former breadth.

It was not until the rain had ceased that Roger could scan the country spread out below. Then, far away on a hillock, about a mile, as he guessed, from the entrance to the gorge, he saw the slaving party assembled. Still farther was a larger crowd, which he surmised to consist mainly of the raiders' captives.

All at once Hassan clutched his arm, and pointed excitedly downwards. Bending forward, Roger caught sight of a number of men in single file slowly climbing the hill beneath them.

He motioned to his men to keep back out of sight, and stooped so that he might not himself be seen, while he took stock of the climbers. There were thirty of them, all nearly as black as Negroes, except the man who came at the tail end.

Roger grew hot as he recognised him. It was his own and Achmet's enemy, the one-eared Keb.

## CHAPTER 62 The Ambush

"UNCLE BEN," he cried, "that one-eared wretch is bringing some Nubians up just below us. I'm pretty sure he hasn't seen us, but his game is as plain as a pike-staff. He thinks he'll get behind our men at the breastworks and take us in the rear, while the other lot make another attack in front."

"Dear me!" said the Doctor. "That seems a very ingenious idea."

"Oh! We haven't time to admire him," cried Roger, somewhat impatiently. "How are we to stop his little game?"

"Of course! We must never allow that. Your Uncle James would be justly angry with us if we did. Perhaps you could frighten them away with your rifle—without hurting them, you know."

"They won't be shooed away like rooks," said Roger. "They have rifles, too. In any case they're out of sight now. The track winds. We shan't see them again until they pass that rock there. Ah! that's rather a good place for an ambush; the rock on one side, the stream on the other. We'll hide there, and when they come up we'll charge."

"My dear nephew, isn't that very rash?" said the Doctor mildly. "Charging downhill is a little hazardous, is it not? I don't know from personal experience, but I argue by the light of reason that the impetus—"

Roger had turned away, and was trying to make Hassan and the men of Kush understand what he wanted of them. Having succeeded he went back to the Doctor's side.

"Uncle," he said, "it is all arranged. Hassan and I will stand nearest the corner. Hassan has a spear; I have my rifle. When the raiders appear, we shall dash out upon them. The natives will follow. We shall take them by surprise, and being a little above them will give us an advantage."

"Then I shall take my post with you and Hassan," said the Doctor sturdily. "Whatever your risks, I shall share them."

"But I don't think—"

"I insist, Roger," the Doctor interrupted. "I used my umbrella to some purpose on the palace roof."

"Hadden't you better take a spear? Some of the men have swords, too. A sword would really be more useful than your umbrella."

But the Doctor would not let himself be persuaded.

"What should I do with a sword? Cut myself, or you, perhaps. No. My umbrella will serve me very well. I beat off an infuriated dog with it once, and if I must use it on a man—well, let him look out."

He gripped the umbrella by the ferrule, his mouth set in grim determination.

It was no good to say any more—Roger laughed and went off.

They took up their positions behind the rock. The spearmen, tensely silent, grouped themselves near their leaders. Looking at them, Roger wondered whether, when the moment came, they would show any remnant of courage inherited from their remote ancestors who, ages before, had overrun these hills from the north.

They waited. Not a sound indicated their presence. The raiders below were not so careful. Supposing themselves to be well in the rear of the men they came to attack, they took no pains to disguise their approach. Slight sounds reached the ears of the waiting party—sounds that grew louder as the men climbed higher.

It seemed to Roger a long time before the sounds indicated that the raiders were near. Hassan had somehow managed to make the spearmen understand what they were to do when Sanka-ra gave the word of command. Each man held his spear ready; their eyes were shining.

The footsteps were now very close. Roger turned, and lifted his rifle as a signal for attention. Dr. Paradine grasped his umbrella by the middle.

A moment's breathless pause; then Roger, shouting "Charge!" at the top of his voice, rushed round the corner of the rock.

## CHAPTER 63 Turning the Tables

THE surprise was as complete as the most optimistic commander could have wished for.

"We had the better position, of course," said Roger, in describing the scene afterwards to his Uncle James. "I came face to face with the head of the column—if you can call it that—a big black fellow who was just below me. He looked flabbergasted, and, before he could do anything, I swung my rifle, caught him one in the ribs, and tumbled him splash into the stream."

"Uncle Ben was a hero. You should have seen him poke the next man with his umbrella! The

fellow doubled up and collapsed like a pricked bladder."

"Old Hassan darted past me and jabbed with his spear at the third, who tumbled back on the fourth; and the rest, a little below, came to a standstill, and evidently didn't know what on earth to do. And when some of my spearmen came down with a rush, the leading men simply turned and bolted downhill, tumbling headlong upon the others. They were just like a flock of silly sheep harried by sheepdogs, all jumbled up together."

"They had rifles, of course, and two or three at the rear, before the others smashed into them, let off a shot or two; but their aim was so wild that they didn't hit any of us. It was a dangerous game, too, because their own men were between us and them, and they would soon have stopped it, anyhow."

"A good many of them flung away their rifles as they ran. Some jumped into the stream. My men chased them a long way till I thought I had better call them back. I wish they had caught Keb, but he bunked almost at the very first. His lameness when we first saw him must have been a pretence, for I never saw anyone skip down a steep path more nimbly."

"We collected a few prisoners; none of them was very seriously hurt; and we picked up the rifles they had thrown away."

"While the men were doing this I had an idea. There was only a narrow dam between the stream and the old watercourse, and if we could break that down the beggars wouldn't have any chance of molesting us there again. So I set the men to work, digging away with their spears and swords at the soft earth, scraping it away with their hands, and lugging the rocks."

"That was the hardest part of the job, but I got them to lever up the rocks with their spears, and when the biggest had been moved it wasn't so difficult to shift the others."

"We soon cut a narrow channel through the barrier, and the swirling water helped us then. How lucky that rainstorm had come on! It made the stream into a regular torrent. It was jolly good fun to watch the earth melting away like sugar, and the rocks we had found so hard to move slipping down as easily as if you were pushing something on wheels."

"I suppose it took us about an hour. Then the torrent was roaring down the old watercourse, and for some time to come, at any rate, that path up into the hills is blocked against Keb or any one else."

"I think, instead of going on the stage, Uncle, I'll take up irrigation work. There's something rather grand about fighting Nature and overcoming her."

"I've been at that work all my life, Roger," said Mr. Paradine, "and the older I get the more clearly I see that the struggle between Man and Nature will be an endless one. Nature is terribly strong; Man will never obtain a complete and final victory, however civilised he becomes."

"The people of Holland have kept the sea from their land by means of their dykes for generations, but they dare not rest and say the sea is beaten. They have to be incessantly watchful, ever ready to repair the smallest leak, otherwise the sea might undo in a week the work of hundreds of years."

Joyous shouts broke in upon their conversation. The news of their Sanka-ra's success had spread among the ranks of the men of Kush. They came flocking up in a jubilant throng, waving their weapons and chanting the praises of Sanka-ra.

"Poor people!" said Mr. Paradine. "They are like children. They think our troubles are all over. They don't understand that we cannot yet claim victory as ours. We must expect another attack. I have prepared for it. Come and see."

TO BE CONTINUED

## Five-Minute Story

### The New Driver

TED, the van boy, jumped up on to the back of the big furniture van and settled himself comfortably with a book.

He felt very important this morning, for they were taking a load of valuable antiques and old plate to the house of the famous collector, Mr. Burnaby, at Hampstead. The only thing that caused a little momentary uneasiness was the fact that a new driver, who had only been with the firm two days, had been chosen to drive. He was a thin, evil-looking young man; and Ted had disliked him from the first.

They had been travelling nearly two hours when the boy, who had been engrossed in his book, was aroused by a sharp increase in the speed of the van. Looking up, he found that they were in a narrow lane, skirted by high hedges, along which they were dashing at a furious pace.

"Not much like Hampstead," he muttered, a puzzled look on his face.

Suddenly, at a bend in the road, a signpost caught his eye:

TO ST. ALBANS. TEN MILES

Jumping up, he called out to the driver, but there was no answer. Again and again he called, but with the same result.

"Surely he can't have fallen asleep with the horses bolting along like this?" he muttered.

The thought struck him suddenly that the driver had fainted or been taken ill. Quickly he decided on a plan of action. Catching the swinging rope that hung from the roof he climbed up and on to the roof of the swiftly-moving van. Gripping the loose canvas in his fingers, he crawled to the front and peered over to the driver's seat.

The new driver was very wide awake. He had not fainted. On the contrary he was straining forward, the whip gripped in his hand, his jaw set.

"The antiques!" muttered Ted breathlessly. "He's trying to get away with them—to hand them over to some gang of which he is probably a member. What can I do?"

He looked up the road in front as he spoke. Cycling toward them, and less than a hundred yards away, was a policeman.

In an instant Ted made up his mind. The policeman would be powerless to stop the van at the speed it was travelling, even if he suspected anything. There was only one thing to do.

Swinging himself over the edge of the roof, the boy dropped his full weight on to the head of the unsuspecting driver, who was sent sprawling on to the foot-board. Regaining his feet, Ted gripped the reins and brought the van to a halt. As he did so the new driver sprang to his feet and, catching sight of the burly policeman, who had dismounted, leaped from the van and disappeared through the hedge.

There is every possibility that Ted will be promoted to the position of new driver himself.



## BIG STITCHES FOR LITTLE FINGERS

The "Bestway" CHILDREN'S SEWING BOOK will teach you how to sew and make all sorts of jolly little things—presents for mother, and Red Indian Costumes, and clothes for dolls. You'll get lots of fun from this splendid book.

## "BESTWAY" CHILDREN'S SEWING BOOK

(No. 93)

6d. Of all Newsagents, or 7d. post free (inland) from Bestway, 291a, Oxford Street, London, W.1.





# Glad as the Sunshine and the Laughing Sky



## DI MERRYMAN

A SMALL travelling menagerie visited a village one day, and the show was so small that the most impressive exhibit was a very tired-looking lion.

The proprietor was showing a small party of visitors round the cages, and when they came to the lion a nervous old lady asked:

"But aren't you afraid that this savage animal will make a meal of you?"

"No, madam," replied the owner sadly; "but I can assure you that if business doesn't improve soon I shall be compelled to make a meal of this savage animal."

### A Rhyming Puzzle

FIRST a semi-circle make,  
Add to this another  
Figure of two little lines  
Meeting with each other;  
Then a perfect circle form,  
Truly, neat, compactly;  
Add another form to these,  
Like the first exactly.  
Then, to make it all complete,  
Form a kind of angle  
With a straight line, that should  
meet

In a kind of tangle.  
When you this have rightly done,  
'Tis the truth I'm telling,  
You will get an article  
Useful in a dwelling.  
Should you this decapitate,  
You may have another  
Article, which, in its place,  
Is useful as the other.

Solution next week

WHAT is that which everyone wishes to have yet tries to get rid of? A good appetite.

### Is Your Name Parsons?

NAMES like Parsons and Monks are really words in the genitive case, and do not mean that the ancestors of people with these names were parsons or monks, but that they were men employed by the parson or by the monastery.

WHY should the male sex avoid the letter A?  
Because it makes men mean.

### Names of Authors

EACH of the following phrases represents the name of a famous author. Do you know who they are?

A lion's house dug where there is no water.

A severe man.

A tall man whose name begins with fifty.

A worker in precious metals.

A young domestic animal.

Merry-hearted.

What the meat in the oven is doing.

Rapid in movement.

A valuable and useful metal.

Solutions next week

WHAT is the difference between a thin dress in cold weather and a tooth that has been extracted?

One is too thin and the other is tooth out.

### A Tournament



OF pillow-fights the Brownies know  
Not anything at all.

(They have no pillows, and their beds

Are made 'mong grasses tall).

But, perched astride a swaying twig,

They meet with clash and rattle,  
Like knights of old, for they enjoy

A dandelion battle!

WHAT is it that increases its value by one half when turned upside down? The figure 6.

### The Boys and the Apples

TWO boys who wanted to go off for a day's holiday decided to trade with the apples from their trees, and so raise enough money to pay the expenses.

When they put their funds together it was found that they totalled 14s., half of which was contributed by John and half by William.

John had sold fewer apples than William, but while William had sold half his at threepence each and half at a penny, John had sold half his at fourpence and half at threepence.

How many apples did each boy sell?

Solution next week

### The Breaking Point

A CONCEITED young man, who was a guest at a house among people he did not know, was asked if he would sing.

"I only sing for my friends," he replied haughtily.

"And are they still your friends when you have sung?" asked the host.

### ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

What Are We? Fire-irons

Built-up Names

Dartmouth, Rosebery, Wicklow, Churchill, Mayo, Cowper.

Name and Address

Miss Lily Smith, 10, Rose Cottages, Cork, Ireland.

Who Was He?

The Great Navigator was William Dampier.

## Jacko Runs an Errand

JACKO didn't want to go all the way to the village that particular afternoon. As a matter of fact, he had an important engagement with his friend Chimpy. And when he heard what he was going for he nearly had a fit.

"A dress-stand!" he exclaimed. "I can't bring a thing like that through the streets; the boys would never let me hear the last of it. Why can't they send it?"

"They can—tomorrow," replied Mrs. Jacko, who was making a new dress, "but I can't wait. See, now!" she went on, feeling for her purse; "you run along like a good lad, and there'll be a sixpence waiting for you when you get back."

Jacko went off without further protest. He had arranged to go to the pictures that afternoon, and the money would certainly come in handy.

But he didn't want Chimpy to catch him with that ridiculous dress-stand.

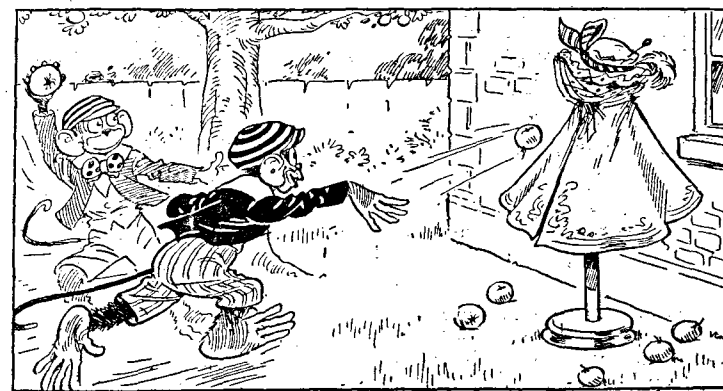
"Perhaps if I sprint hard," he thought, as he banged the garden-gate behind him, "I'll get back before he comes."

He sprinted his hardest; and if only that wretched dog at the corner, on the way back, hadn't dashed across the road just as he was dashing across from the opposite direction, all might have been well. As it was, there was a violent collision, and the next moment Jacko and the dog and the dress-stand were all muddled up in a heap in the middle of the road.

When Jacko got clear with his burden there was precious little of the wrapping left—the dog had gone off with the greater part of it round his neck. Jacko snatched up the great awkward thing in his arms and ran on.

As he turned the corner he came face to face with Chimpy! Chimpy gave one glance at the dress-stand, and began to grin. Jacko gulped. It was a desperate situation.

"What have you got there?" asked Chimpy.



They had a very entertaining half-hour

"Aunt Sallie!" said Jacko. "Come on!—at the bottom of the garden."

Chimpy left off grinning and smiled cheerfully.

"I'm game," he said. "Let's dress her up and shy apples at her."

They dressed her up—in Mrs. Jacko's bonnet and cloak—and had a very entertaining half-hour. But they made such a noise that Mrs. Jacko came out to see what it was all about.

What she said when she saw the state of her best bonnet, and what Father said when he came home and saw the state of his best apple tree, is too painful to relate.

Jacko didn't go to the Pictures after all; he went to bed instead, without his tea.

The paragraph on the right is a French translation of the paragraph on the left

### The Miner's Light

Probably the strangest light in the world is that used by Alaskan miners in the cold North. It consists of a dead fish stuck on a stand, lighted as a candle.

So full of oil is the fish that it burns steadily and gives an excellent light, and, as the fish is abundant and easily caught, it provides the cheapest light that the miners in many parts of Alaska can obtain.

The younger natives catch the fish, and the squaws and children carry them to pits, where the older men extract the oil; but the miners do not take the trouble to extract the oil for lighting purposes; they use the fish itself as a candle.

### La Lumière du Mineur

Il est probable que le luminaire le plus étrange au monde est celui dont se servent les mineurs de l'Alaska dans le Nord glacial. Il se compose de poissons morts, posés sur un socle, et auxquels on met le feu, comme à une bougie.

Ces poissons contiennent une telle quantité d'huile qu'ils brûlent sans s'arrêter et fournissent une lumière excellente, et, comme il y a abondance de poissons et qu'on les attrape facilement, ils fournissent la lumière la meilleure marché que les mineurs puissent obtenir dans maintes régions de l'Alaska.

Les jeunes indigènes attrapent les poissons, et les squaws et les enfants les transportent dans des fosses où les vieux procèdent à l'extraction de l'huile; mais les mineurs ne se donnent pas la peine d'extraire l'huile pour leur éclairage, ils se servent du poisson même en guise de bougie.

### Tales Before Bedtime

## Miss Finch's Doll

WHEN old Miss Finch asked Isobel to tea she didn't really want to go, but she was too polite to refuse.

Miss Finch lived in an old-fashioned house in the town, and as no little boys and girls lived there, Isobel felt shy about going alone.

The house was full of heavy furniture, all dark and shiny; and every sofa and chair wore a neat little cover of white crocheted cotton, and the roses and lilies on the drawing-room carpet were as bright as real ones, because Miss Finch never allowed the jolly, healthy sun even to peep into the room.

Isobel didn't enjoy herself a bit at first. She was afraid of knocking off one of the crochet covers, or making a muddy mark on one of the carpet's white lilies; and when Miss Finch's old parrot suddenly shrieked: "Leave some bread and butter for me, miss!" she gave such a jump that she spilled her tea on the snowy table-cloth.

She felt too shy to eat any more, and when Miss Finch said: "Would you like to see my little girl?" Isobel jumped again. She had no idea Miss Finch had a little girl, but she said politely: "Oh, yes, please."

Miss Finch took her up to a bedroom where there was an immense wardrobe, so shiny you could see your face in it; then she took a key out of her pocket and unlocked a drawer.

"What a funny place to keep a little girl!" thought Isobel.

From out of the drawer Miss Finch drew out a large wax doll, a lovely creature, with dark curls held up with a dainty little comb. She wore a high-waisted satin frock, trimmed with rosebuds, white stockings, and tiny black sandals.

"There she is," said Miss Finch. "She belonged to my great-grandmother, and to every



She drew out a large wax doll

Annabel Finch for a hundred years. Look, my dear."

She turned up the doll's petticoat and in tiny red stitches Isobel saw: Annabel Finch, 1823.

Directly Isobel got home she got her best doll, and began to embroider: Rosamund Isobel Hope, 1923, on her petticoat.

"And I'll never break you, dear," she said, "because in a hundred years I want my great-granddaughter to know what dolls were like in 1923."

## Then and Now



In 1823. The quill pen



In 1923. The typewriter



The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

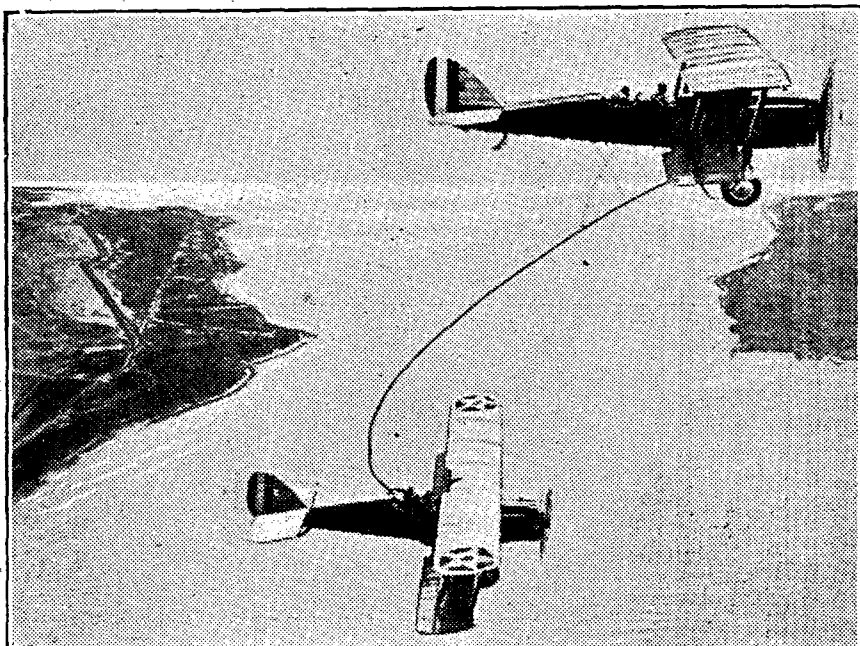
# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

September 15, 1923

Every Thursday, 2d.

The C.N. is posted anywhere inland and abroad for 11s. a year. My Magazine, published on the 15th of each month, is posted anywhere, excepting Canada, for 14s.; Canada, 13s. 6d. See below.

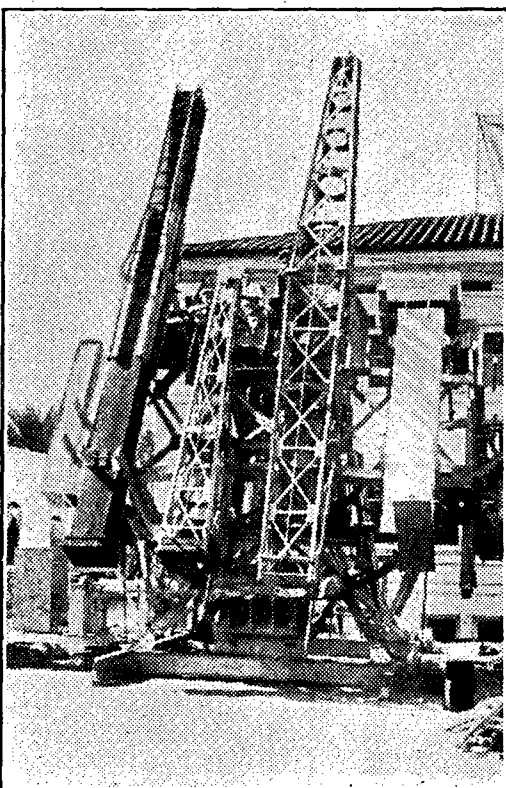
## AERIAL PETROL PUMP · THE FARMER PRESIDENT · SWAN'S DINNER BELL



**The Aerial Petrol Pump**—The recent non-stop flight at San Diego, in California, lasted over 37 hours. Petrol was supplied from another aeroplane, as shown here, 15 times



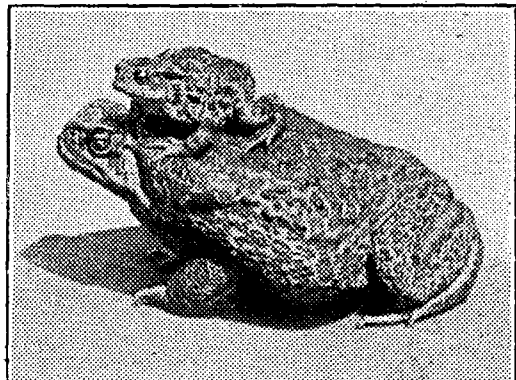
**More Work for Petrol**—The old-fashioned cross-saw required the work of two men, but this picture shows a petrol-driven saw, attended by one man, cutting up a big tree stump



**Photographing a Sun Eclipse**—An eclipse of the sun was visible on the west coast of America last Monday; and here we see three huge cameras which were erected by Mount Wilson Observatory to photograph it



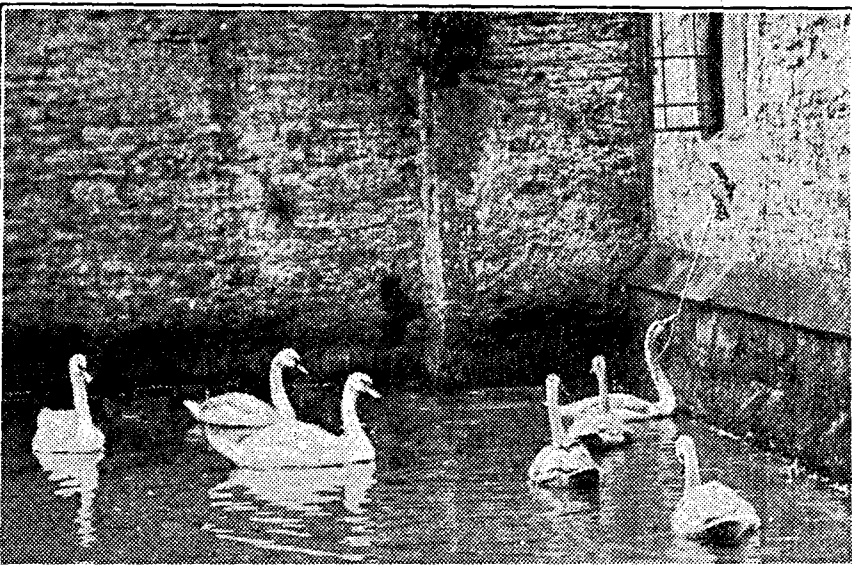
**The Plain Man of White House**—Mr. Calvin Coolidge, the new President of the United States, was working on his New England farm when, through the death of Mr. Harding, he was called to Washington to govern a hundred million people. This picture shows him going to milk the cows



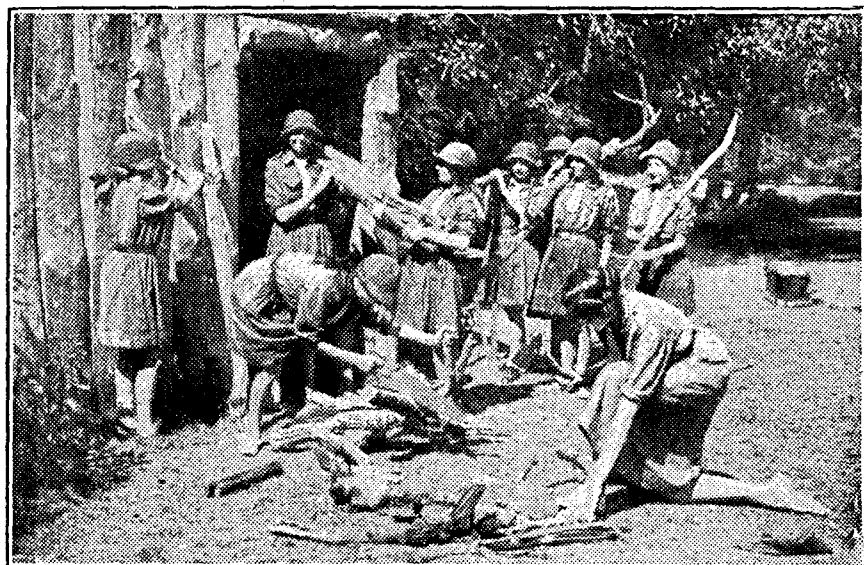
**A Giant Toad**—The largest toad ever seen at the London Zoo has arrived there from South America. It is here seen with a common toad on its back



**A Little Lady of Hungary**—This little lady, the friend of one of our old Hungarian readers, is probably the youngest child in Hungary who uses the C.N., from which she is learning her first words of English



**A Dinner-bell for the Swans**—These cygnets in the moat of the bishop's palace at Wells have been taught by their mother to pull a string which rings a bell and upsets a food receptacle



**Guides in the New Forest**—Girl Guides from many countries are training at the Princess Mary Home, Foxlease Park, in the New Forest. Here we see a party of them cutting fuel

**ALL THE WORLD LOVES THE C.N. MONTHLY. ASK FOR MY MAGAZINE. EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE**

The Children's Newspaper is printed and published every Thursday by the proprietors, the Amalgamated Press (1922), Ltd., The Fleetway House, Farringdon St., London, E.C.4. It is registered as a newspaper and for transmission by Canadian post. It can be ordered (with My Magazine) from these agents: Canada, Imperial News Co. (Canada), Ltd.; Australasia, Gordon and Gotch; South Africa, Central News Agency; India, A. H. Wheeler and Co.

N/R